

Frontispiece.	
The Widow's Last Home.	1
Agnes Maule Machar.	
In the Days of The Canada Company.	4
R. Lizars.	
The Religion of Jean Dundas.	14
Grace E. Denison.	
Cause for Sorrow.	19
Annie Rothwell Christie.	
The Angel of the Dusk.	20
E. Gostwycke Roberts.	
From Cairo to the First Cataract.	21
M. M. Watson.	
A Spray of Winter Green.	29
M. A. FitzGibbon.	
Marget.	37
Faith Fenton.	
Phobia in Crescendo.	42
K. M. Lizars.	
The Richest.	49
S. Frances Harrison (Seranus).	
The Loyalist's Daughter.	50
A. M. Machar.	
Christmas in a Tiger-State.	71
A. R. Ralph (Ka-ri-wi-yoh).	
High Priests.	75
Helen M. Merrill.	
A Canadian Idyl.	76
Mary M'Kay Scott.	
A Trip to Alaska.	78
Grandfather's Visit.	85
Mrs. E. W. Panton.	
A Reminiscence.	93
E. M. Balmer.	
An After-Dinner Yarn.	95
Katharine McLagan McKenzie.	
A New Day.	98
Helen Fairbairn.	
Life's Paradox.	99
Sophie M. Almon-Hensley.	
Editor's Remarks.	100
Mary King Marquis.	
At Christmas Time.	104
M. A. Maitland.	
Books Received.	105
Esther Talbot Kingsmill.	
A Twilight Lullaby.	109
Through the Woods.	
Agnes W. Panton.	
Beyond the Grave.	110
Constance Fairbanks.	
A Winter Song.	110
J. N. McIlwraith	
	se.

J40331
AUGUST 3, 1954

1854—1895

The Beacon

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

Oldest Established Journal of Perth County,

Stratford, Ontario.

It is Read....

By all the People---all Classes, all Conditions.

It Always Contains

The Latest Local and General News.

The Book and Job Department

Is one of the most complete in the Province. New Premises, New Material. Four Modern Presses, all run by Electric Power.



If you Want Anything in the Shape of Printing
leave your order with

The Beacon Electric Presses

BEST WORK AT LOWEST RATES.

W. M. O'BEIRNE,
PUBLISHER.

GREEN HOLLY.

EDWARD WALSH.

JOSEPH J. WALSH.

WALSH BROS.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Teas, Sugars, Syrups, Coffees, Fruits and all Fine Groceries

Direct Importers of



Wines, Brandies,

Gins, Rums,

Scotch and Irish Whiskies.



For BIG Bargains go to **WALSH BROS.**

Phones 24 and 28.

Nos. 13, 15 and 54 Ontario Street, Stratford.

ANDREW USHER & CO.'S

SPECIAL **O.V.G.** RESERVE

Old Vatted Glenlivet Whiskey

Gold Medal, London 1873.

Registered **EDINBURGH.**

Gold Medal, Calcutta 1884.

AGENTS FOR STRATFORD

WALSH BROS., - 'Phone 28. - ONTARIO STREET.



I have made a careful chemical analysis of Andrew Usher's Old Vatted Glenlivet Whiskey (a blend of Glenlivet and other Whiskies) sampled by me from stock in sealed casks ready for delivery from warehouse, and find such to be of excellent quality, being thoroughly matured and free from objectionable products. It is a very pure spirit and either with ordinary or aerated water forms a highly palatable and wholesome beverage.

(Sgd)

STEVENSON MACADAM, Ph. D., F. R. S. E.,
Lecturer on Chemistry.

Bottled at Edinburg in their own warehouse by Andrew Ushsr & Co. Each bottle guaranteed to contain about one-sixth of an imperial gallon.

all at WALSH BROS. and order a bottle for a sample. Special rates by the case.

ERNE,
PUBLISHER.

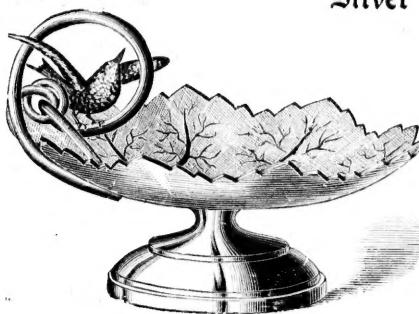
GREEN HOLLY.

Unsurpassed

Unprecedented



Is Our Display of
Silver Ware and Art Goods.



—The
—Best in the City,
—So People Say.

Prices to suit the times.

Special Bargains for Wedding Gifts

As well as Holiday Presents.

WEDDING RINGS
MARRIAGE LICENSES

JAMES PEQUEGNAT,

THE JEWELER.

We Sell Watches and Jewelry, too, of course.

Bank of Montreal

Capital,	\$12,000,000
Rest,	\$6,000,000
Undivided Profits,	\$800,000

E. S. CLOUSTON, General Manager.

Savings Bank Department :

Deposits Received and Interest Allowed at Current Rates.

Sterling Credits Issued Negotiable
in all parts of the world.

JOHN LESLIE,

Manager St. Marys Branch.

THOS. PLUMMER,

Manager Stratford Branch.

GREEN HOLLY.



Our Office Boy Says

If trade keeps up he is going to hustle for a new job, or else a "raise." Life is too short to be spent in answering the telephone taking orders for

"Monsoon" Tea.

J. L. Bradshaw is our Agent in Stratford

Shift some of the work on to him.

Steel, Hayter & Co., Toronto.

Reader, you will soon be looking around for suitable Holiday Gifts.

China Hall has a Superb Stock for Your Inspection

Splendid Banquet Lamps ranging in brass from \$2 to \$11.

Dinner Sets \$6 to \$60.

Some extra good values at from \$6 to \$12.

A large variety of Tea and Toilet Sets.



Christmas Goods AT BRADSHAW'S China Hall.

Fancy China Ware.

Fancy Lamps.

Dinner, Tea and Toilet Sets.

Knives, Forks and Spoons.

Silverware.

Cutlery, Glass and Silverware.

Fancy Cups and Saucers.

Biscuit Jars. Butter Dishes.

Salad Bowls.

Cheese, Celery and Sardine Dishes.

Fancy Vases and Jardinières.

Flower Pots and, well, come and see for yourself; you know the place.

Bradshaw's China Hall,

Ontario street, just east of P. O.,
Between Jeffrey Bros. and Ballantyne & Vivian's

P. S.—We sell Monsoon Tea, Chase & Sanborn's Coffee, and Teas of all kinds.

GREEN HOLLY.

“Canadian Club” Whisky

—DISTILLED
—AND
—BOTTLED BY

Hiram Walker & Sons

WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO.

Guaranteed absolutely pure, and therefore peculiarly
adapted for medicinal use.

GREEN HOLLY.

THE MODERN WAY

Of Showing and Selling



.....Furniture

Is best illustrated at our store.
No old fogy ideas or goods.

Parlor Furniture made by our superior workmen
cannot be approached, and is always satis-
factory.

Novelties suitable for Christmas Presents.

Prices : Ours are always right.

R. WHITE & CO., Furniture and
Undertaking.

1, 3 and 5 Ontario-St., Stratford.

NEILL, THE SHOE MAN,

Can afford to sell Boots and Shoes at the prices most
other dealers pay for them,

As we operate nine large shoe stores, and have a wholesale house
in connection with our business.

16 Market Street, STRATFORD. The Great One Price Shoe Store.

The Cosgrave Brewery Co. of Toronto,

LIMITED

Celebrated
Pale Ales and Extra Stout.

The Cosgrave Brewery Co. of Toronto, Limited, - Niagara and Queen Streets

L. J. COSGRAVE, President and Manager.

GREEN HOLLY.

Who is Your Grocer?

AT ————— *

Scott's

You will find the best of Groceries at the lowest living cash prices.

TRY HIM AND SEE.

Choice Butter a Specialty.

W. Lincoln Scott
Cheap Grocer.

ESTABLISHED 1855.

H. UBELACKER & SON

Wholesale and Retail
Dealers in



Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats



Poultry in Season.

Pure Kettle Rendered Lard. Sausages of all kinds manufactured on the premises.

Shop South-West Corner of Market

Idington & Palmer,
BARRISTERS, &c.

John Idington, Q. C., County Crown Attorney.
J. Frank Palmer.

OFFICES :
Idington Block, Stratford, Ont.

Railway and
Steamship Tickets,
Real Estate
and Insurance,

Fire,
Life,
Accident and
Guarantee.

C. P. R. Telegraph.

John Brown

15 Market-st., Stratford, Ont.

THE
BEST
IS
THE
CHEAPEST

GREEN HOLLY.

A. H. LOFFT & CO.,

St. Marys, Ont., (Finest Store in the County of Perth.)
Dress Goods, Silks, Mantles, Carpets, Clothing. A special
line of Christmas Novelties, direct from Japan. Come and
look at our holiday show.

HELLMUTH COLLEGE, London, Ont., for Young
Ladies and Girls. A thorough academic course and refined
home. Singing, Piano and Physical Culture Specialties.
Four diploma courses.

For illustrated announcement, address
REV. E. N. ENGLISH, M. A., Principal.

THOS. J. DOAK.

Dealer in Choice Groceries and Crockery. Specialty of
Teas and Coffee.

Wellington Street, Stratford.

A. J. VANDRICK'S

Great Variety Store,
Wallace Street, Listowel.
The cheapest store on earth for Tinware, Small Wares,
Jewelry, Fancy Goods, Groceries and Meats. I pay cash
for Hides, Skins, Pigs and Tallow.

ANYONE

Who is bothered with Cold or Sweaty Feet should wear the
Hygienic Ventilated Shoe made by J. D. King & Co. It
beats anything ever made in the Shoe Line. You can get
them at KNECHTEL BROS.

Good Fruit, Raisins, Currants,
Figs, Dates and Prunes at 5c.
C. Melhargey's.

A. H. HERMISTON,

Undertaker and Embalmer,
Telephone, Wallace Street, LISTOWEL.
The Leading Furniture Dealer also has a
Bargain Day every Saturday.

J. S. GEE,

General Merchant,
The Popular Cash Store,
Main Street, LISTOWEL.

J. M. SCHNEIDER,

The Leading Dry Goods House in Listowel.
Dry Goods, Ready-Made and Ordered Clothing a specialty.
Millinery, Mantles, Gents' Furnishings, Boots and Shoes
and Groceries, at Rock Bottom Prices.

Hay & Kidd. Horses of all kinds, bought and
sold. Specialty in Matched
Pairs, High Steppers, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Saddle
Horses.

LISTOWEL, ONT.

BONNETT & BOWYER handle all kinds of Stoves
and Ranges. Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters, Hot Water
Heating Done and Prices right for All Kinds of Jobbing.
Prices right. Come in and see us.

BONNETT & BOWYER,
Main Street Bridge, Listowel, Ont.

Toronto Clothing Store,
Oddfellows' Block, - East Side Market.
Stratford, Ont.

1870-1895.

Jewelry.



A record of a quarter of a century in business
among you counts. In that time all a man's
weak points have come to the surface. I have
sold you watches and jewelry for all these years
and I am willing to have your verdict. Our
stock never was so large or varied as now.
Watches are away down in price. Your dollar
will purchase more now than ever before. We are
here to serve you. Novelties in variety. Solid
silver is very popular. We make a specialty of
testing eyes and correcting bad eye sight.

Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

John Welsh

THE JEWELER.

The Active Range
Looks Well,
Cooks Well,

IS EASY ON FUEL, AND - - - - -

Jeffrey Bros.

SELL IT.

See this Range before you buy. It is the
Latest and the Best.

The Old Market House Butcher Shop.

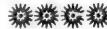
The Old Man,
The Old Quality,
The Old Prices.

Meats and Poultry

ALWAYS ON HAND.

T. B. JOHNSON.

The Arcade



DURING the past twenty years' history of our city, many changes have taken place in the business ranks, and the old statistical statement that only five out of every hundred succeed in business, has been amply verified in our own midst.

Perhaps the leading cause of so much failure is the credit system.

Next to that would possibly rank undue haste to reach the front in the matter of fine shops and large stocks. The "race is not to the swift" is as true of business as anything else, and recognizing that fact we have moved slowly but surely.

The foundation of this business was laid in 1876, and the enterprise has proven itself in every way a successful one. Our place of business is known as the "Arcade" located on Market street, in the new block directly opposite the post office, with an entrance on Erie and Ontario streets.

Our unique and handsomely appointed store is the delight of its patrons, and our large staff of assistants are ever ready to render a courteous and polite service.

The stock of goods to be found in the Arcade is second to none in Western Canada in point of variety and excellence.

In glancing through the various departments you will be greeted with a most comprehensive array of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods and Notions.

Some of our leading departments are Silks and Dress Goods, Wash Goods, including Prints, Muslins, Chambrays, Percales, Lawns and Embroideries; All Silks and Wools, Ladies' Furnishings, Gents' Furnishings, and Fancy Goods.

The Mantle, Mantle making, and Millinery departments occupy the second floor, where a comprehensive stock is carried and only skilled artists employed.

Our recent change to the cash at the counter system along with our low price methods has greatly increased our sales, and a close adherence to these two features of our business will be our aim in future.

Such a business house as the "Arcade" gives commercial prestige to our city, and it is not too much to expect our citizens to show their appreciation of such an enterprise by abstaining as much as possible from buying abroad, and by example and precept second the effort of the merchant who endeavors to bring to their doors the fruit of the world's looms.

Respectfully,

W. J. FERGUSON.







THE WIDOW'S LAST HOME.

(A PICTURE FROM LIFE.)

WHILE ye boast your barns o'er-flowing
With the fulness of the year,
While ye paint, in pictures glowing,
Happy homes and bounteous cheer,
Look at this one.—In a dreary
Narrow cell,—whitewashed and bare,—
Sits a woman,—worn and weary,—
Forced to find a shelter there.

Faint the sunset's golden lustre
Straggles through the grated bars
Set so high—the lonely watcher
Naught can see, save clouds or stars ;
Yet the dweller in the shadow
There another vision sees,—
Woodland green and daisied meadow,
And a farmhouse 'mid the trees.

GREEN HOLLY.

Soft the evening dews are falling ;
 See the cows come,—one by one,—
 Gathered by her kindly calling,
 To the bars, at set of sun ;
 There they stand,—the gentle creatures,—
 In a patient, waiting row,
 And the milker wears her features,
 As in days of long ago !

Now the snowy streams are flowing
 Fast into the frothing pail,
 Now the cows, released, are going
 To their pasture in the vale ;
 Then the calves, with baby bleatings,
 Press about her as she goes,
 And the hens, with noisy greetings,
 Scramble for the corn she throws.

Now the house dog's joyous baying
 Greets his master home once more
 From the sowing or the haying,
 Glad the day's long toil is o'er.
 Then—the doorstep chat at even,—
 And the toilers seek their rest,
 E'er the sunset dyes of heaven
 Vanish from the glowing west.

Ah !—how bitter the awaking
 In the narrow, whitewashed cell,
 Where, with sad heart slowly breaking,
 She must like a felon dwell !
 Vanished all the bright home-pictures,—
 Vanished all the dear home life ;
 Naught is hers for all the toiling
 Of the busy farmer's wife !

All her years of patient labour
 Leave her but the prison fare ;
 Not a single kindly neighbor
 Can her daily portion spare !

Boast ye, then, your barns o'er-flowing,
Happy homes and bounteous cheer,
But, amid your pictures glowing,
Let the widow's cell appear !

Yet, methinks, where "many mansions"
Rise beyond the boundless blue,
There, mid faithful toilers, resting,
She shall find a "mansion" too.
She shall meet the loving welcome
Mortals could not here afford,—
"Enter, good and faithful servant,
To your joy and your reward!"

Ye have hard words for the savage
Who, with bowstring sharp and sure,
Ends for aye the earthly burdens
Worn-out toilers must endure ;
But who recks their silent anguish,—
Or their misery can gauge
Who in prison cell must languish
For no crime,—save helpless age !

AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

[*"FIDELIS."*]



IN THE DAYS OF THE CANADA COMPANY.

BY R. LIZARS.

Tie &c: at what say you of the Colonies?

NOTE: Canada is peevish, but we shall soon settle all that, * * * Our friend Galt reigns there in plenitude of power * * * and the department of woods and forests is under the control of a Lord Warden (The Tiger), whose learned lucubrations have figured in this Magazine.

(NOCTES AMBROSIANAE.)

SOME sixty odd years ago, one fine summer evening, "a young fellow of the name of McCarthy," (the first Mac in the settlement), stood on the right bank of the Little Thames. He had walked from Helmer's, looking at land here and there with an inexperienced eye, and now contemplated the small log bridge put up by Van Egmond across the stream. When about half way over he was challenged by a hearty English voice, asking for his Pass. The owner of the voice was a burly Briton of the name of Berwick; he too was prospecting for land, and as first comer had been appointed Quarantine officer, for it was the cholera year. He had a stout staff in his hand and looked the military man all over. "Pass?" said our young emigrant; "I have no pass but the gun over my shoulder. Call out your guard and arrest me, for pass this bridge I will, if I can." Horatius Cocles laughed and made him welcome, asked him into one of the two shanties built upon the flat between our present boat houses and the bridge, and prepared to do the hospitable. It was supper time, and the

women were busy with their primitive cuisine. About a year before this, when building the bridge, one evening as Edouard Van Egmond was cooking supper for his gang of Canada Company workers, the first white women to reach the Huron Tract, Betsy Hill and Jane Good, passed over on their way to Goderich. They were hungry and called out for food, but Van Egmond thought forty men already enough, and half-grudgingly lent his fire and kettles for Betsy and Jane to serve their own party.

There were other guests besides the Berwicks at these shanties, (refuges put up at stated intervals between the Wilmot line and the Lake for the use of belated travellers, resembling, in a rough way, the Dak bungalows of India); and Madame Berwick with her emigrant sisters hustled about at their work. Pork, brought by Van Egmond's team, was soon fried; the fire was raked forward and on it the three-legged spider with its load of shanty cake was turned about, so that all parts of the compound might crisp equally; water was bubbling in the kettle and a drink called wild choco-



"A YOUNG FELLOW OF THE NAME OF M'CARTHY."

NY.

reigns there
under the con-
trol of Magazine,
(A.N.E.)

primitive
before this,
the evening
is cooking
ada Com-
te women
Betsy Hill
or on their
are hungry
Van Eg-
n already
y lent his
d Jane to

besides the
(refuges
between the
or the use
pling, in a
ows of In-
with her
it at their
Van Eg-
; the fire
the three-
of shanty
o that all
ight crisp
g in the
d choco-

late made, sweetened with sugar but innocent of milk. Last but not least came the unfailing whiskey, and all gathered round the fire to partake. By the glowing coals the several histories were interchanged. Mr. Berwick had

come in the William the Fourth, and had brought with him greyhounds, foxhounds, spaniels and game fowls, everything which good means could furnish for equipment; and now he, gun in hand, with his wife, children and servants, found himself on the banks of the Little Thames searching for an "estate" in the heart of the Huron Wilderness. McCarthy's destination had been the lake shore, but the small chance of a broken waggon nut decided his future life.

At bed-time the sleeping accommodation of the second shanty was explored. The newcomer discovered that a good sheet of elm-bark lay across the joists, his coat was off and doubled for a pillow, one good spring and up he went; but the mosquito fire built below made sleep long a-coming. He was awakened by voices, and cautiously resting head on elbow looked over to see who might have passed the bridge unchallenged. There were five men and a boy,—the boy Richard Cawston, and one of the men Charles Cawston. "This will do famously," said one, "we can eat our supper and sleep here."

They made their fire and nearly finished smoking out the silent watcher above.

"Hello! there's a fine piece of bark. I'll get up and sleep on it."

The head now left the elbow and looked down.

"Excuse me, but it's already occupied."

The fellow laughed. "Isn't there room for two?"

Squatters' rights had not yet been tested; but young McCarthy opined that, under such weight, the bark would probably break.

"All right," said the newcomer jumping up, "I'll risk it." In less than an hour it did break, and the Humpty Dumpties had to take to the mud floor for the rest of the night.

where melons, lettuce and all manner of luxury thrrove, surrounding it.

Stone and brick have brought more comfort, but there is, and always will be, something about the word "log-cabin" which goes straight to the Canadian heart. A blazed track led to it, a bit of corduroy was the only roadway; the trout, the wild bird and



"THE LIGHT OF KNOWLEDGE AND THE LIGHT OF THE GOSPEL."

In '33, Mr. John Haldane's first night in Stratford was also spent in this room. J. C. W. Daly then occupied it, and greater accommodation was gained by sheets used as partitions. Mr. Haldane could get a room at the Shakespeare, then in process of building, but as it would be without a roof he chose the other. By the year '40 the shanties had disappeared, and Mr. McCarthy lived in a new one; a garden,

the succulent root were the only foods; the children's schooling was field labor, and a church was a thing not yet spoken of.

But religion men will have; and, as in most early Canadian beginnings, the light of knowledge and the light of the gospel were both to be shed from the one log cabin, which served for school on week-days and service on Sundays. A classical school had been opened in

ll manner
g it.
ight more
ways will
ord "log-
it to the
track led
the only
bird and

Kingston by Dr. Stuart as early as 1785, and elsewhere the first common school appeared in 1786; but thus early in the thirties the only schools in the Huron Tract were in Goderich, "that pet and darling of the Canada Company," and school masters were among the first imports there. Queer fellows, some of them, taking life easily. One, tired of flogging two troublesome lads, furnished them with a rod apiece, with "Now, go ahead and flog each other. I give you up as incorrigible."

As for religion, the Church of England had established a society in 1830 for converting and civilizing the Indians, and for propagating the gospel among destitute settlers. The very first Protestant sermon preached in the Tract was by a Methodist mission-

ary; but before that the Jesuits had come up, in the Trader Gooding's boat from Windsor, and Father Damon had taken the little first-born Huronites in his arms and baptised them, Protestant and Roman, alike.

The log school house stood upon the site of the present brick Central. To the left, scene of the famous Gaelic sermon, upon the slope and flat, was a small clearing made by the Indians in getting fuel for the camp where, year after year, they came to hunt. The ground was covered with hair, from the dressing of their deer-skins; and mushrooms grew there, which the villagers gathered when they went to view the camp or get venison, bear's meat, or maple sugar. Such edibles were god-sends to the settler, for he was too



INDIAN CAMP GROUND.

only foods;
ield labor,
g not yet
e; and, as
minings, the
ight of the
l from the
for school
Sundays.
opened in

busy felling, burning, under-brushing and logging, to spend time in pot-hunting.

The first emigrant sheds, near which James Woods, senior, took his life in his hand for the benefit of his fellows while typhus raged, stood where the High School now is; and further down, a barn, near Walkom's, served the same purpose. A large party of Highlanders was once there in great distress, and Mrs. McCarthy had the women to spin her wool, and helped them in many ways. At the foot of the slope in front of the log school-house stood the bridge, the foundation logs of which were taken out at the building of the present stone structure; below it were the shanties, and again to the right, behind our Government buildings, was the Shakespeare, built upon the banks of the Avon. In the year '34 the hamlet numbered only twenty-nine souls, but the name of Stratford had already been given, and Shakespeare, very much abroad, a marvel of sign-painter's art, swung in effigy as a sign for the primitive hospitality. Thomas Mercer Jones, Commissioner for the Canada Company, had re-named the stream from Little Thames to Avon, and had brought the sign with him from Toronto when he came to the christening of the village. The Commissioner's whim decided then and there much of the nomenclature which has since won for us the name of the Classic City. No doubt it was a convivial gathering, for he and that prince of good fellows, Doctor Dunlop, not only lived in the time of bottle

good-nature, but were both upholders of the faith that "a glass of wine is a good creature and reconciles poor mortality to itself." The Commissioner, once when asked if so-and-so had been tipsy when at his house, answered,

"'Pon my life I can't tell! 'Pon my life I never saw a man drunk in my house. 'Pon my life, I believe I was always drunk first myself; I couldn't see *him*, don't you know."

As for the Doctor, his receipt for whiskey toddy was to fill the tumbler with boiling water, and when the glass was heated through, pour out the water and re-fill with whiskey. As the shepherd says in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, of which set Dunlop was a prominent member, "I really canna help wushin', Sir, that there was a mark in the thermometer aboon that o' bilin' watter; just for the sake o' whisky toddy."

Dunlop had, with his attendant Indians and voyageurs, chopped and groped his way through the Huron woods from the Wilmot Line, right through the site of Stratford, onward to the lake, in the year '28; that ancient Huron road, worse even than its successor.

It was no doubt then, with an alternative of hemlock tea and wild chocolate, that he renewed his admiration for Glenlivat. Canadian whiskey he did not admire, for in the House he enquired as to the amount made from a given quantity of wheat.

"I have no doubt the Honorable gentleman is right, but Heaven defend me from drinking it. There are beasts

upholders
wine is a
poor mor-
missioner,
had been
vered,

'Pon my
nk in my
eve I was
I couldn't
cept for

the tumbler
the glass
the water
the shep-
brosiana;
prominent
elp wush-
ark in the
o' bilin'
' whisky

ndant In-
oped and
ne Huron
ine, right
l, onward
that an-
n than its

an alter-
ild choco-
dmiration
iskey he
House he
ade from

Honorable
en defend
are beasts

of one horn, and beasts of
two horns, but I confess to
being a beast of many horns."

He had "just been ap-
pointed a J. P. for every
county in the Province, and
as I am busy in church mat-
ters, I have no doubt will
some day be an elder, and
the pillars of Satan's king-
dom will get a sair jog that
day."

But he was no church-goer,
for "he did not believe in one
having all the chat." "I have
written [this is in '28] divers
letters touching ministers and
schoolmasters. * * * Sir
John Colborne is education-
mad."

Tiger Dunlop was a queer
fellow and with his brother
and the latter's still more
eccentric wife made a trio
which would furnish a chapter
of fireside history not to
be matched elsewhere. While station-
ed with his regiment in India, a tiger
one night made its appearance in his
tent, facing him, and he dare not turn
to get his sword. With one hand he
drew his snuff box from his waistcoat
pocket and threw the dust in the
creature's eyes, with the other reaching
for his sword during the moment's
blindness.

Next to whiskey, snuff was his be-
setting sin. He never could wear the
ruffled shirt then in fashion, on account
of the dirty habit, trying to hide his
failing in suits of snuff-colored broad-



cloth. For ordinary he was clad in
checked grey Canadian home-spun,
wore a plaid, and on his clever
head the broadest of Scotch bonnets.
He was once stopped at the Customs,
the officer demanding the reason of
such an importation of rappee. He
would not believe it could be for pri-
vate consumption, till Dunlop threw a
handful in the air, and catching it as
best he could on his face, said, snuff-
ing it up, "That's what I want it for.
That's the way I use it."

He and Edouard Van Egmond sat
fishing one day in the Avon for eels,

near where the dam was being built. They found they were upon an Indian grave. Examination proved it shallow, and some six inches down they found the Red Man himself, sewed up in bark, with his gun, his tomahawk, and his scalps beside him. The building of the dam and mills gave work to many, and is remembered yet by one or two as the one thing which spread ready money. Ready money was scarcer then than now; Van Egmond, senior, unable to get paid for his services in cash, accepted eight hundred acres of Stratford land, and one thousand five hundred at the site of Mitchell. He received it at the rate of one dollar and fifty cents per acre, and sold it in after years to the Company at nine dollars per acre. The sales were then all recorded on shingles, and sent in "slips" to Toronto.

The Commissioner, in November of '37, writes to Alex. MacDonald; "I am happy to hear that the dam is so well secured against injury in the Spring. Now that all the workmen are discharged, *and I was in hopes they would not have been required so long after my leaving Stratford*, Mr. Allan's services cannot be required. * * * The expense of the dam has been enormously heavy, and as Mr. Longworth's estimate *was, I am sure, made with judgment and discretion*, some explanation as to the cause is necessary, and which he will, no doubt, be able to afford when he has inspected the work. I may, however, here observe that it appears to me, odd, how

such a number of men could have been advantageously employed upon the work at once, on several occasions. At all events I shall look with some anxiety for the information I expect. * * * Mr. Longworth will inform you as to my wishes regarding the oxen. I have authorized him to use his discretion, either to dispose of them at Stratford or to have them driven to Goderich, for sale there."

So it would appear that Stratford men took advantage of their one opportunity. In a postscript he says, "Let me know whether my room is fitted up, for I shall require it on my next visit."

His "room" was then at the Shakespeare, and no pains were spared to make life there agreeable to him and Mr. Longworth. They both spoke with grateful memory of the house and its mistress for many a day. The house was a frame, with the one "big room" then so useful for courts, meetings, church services and revelries. Mrs. Sergeant is described as "a fine buxom looking woman, fair and good-natured, rosy and blue-eyed, free in her speech and fond of a joke." She took an active part in getting children together and forming a school. She collected untiringly for the first frame church and for the first brick—that epitome of ugliness, "somewhat gothic" in the outside view, but not belonging to the perpendicular, for an old-fashioned storm bulged the western wall while it was yet unroofed. The bulge led to that sense of insecurity which furnished a reason for its short life;

old have
ed upon
occasions.
th some
expect.
ll inform
ding the
n to use
e of them
liven to

Stratford
one op-
he says,
room is
t on my

Shakes-
pared to
him and
h spoke
ouse and
t. The
one "big
ts, meet-
revelries.
s "a fine
nd good-
e, free in
e." She
children
ol. She
st frame
ck—that
t gothic"
elonging
old-fash-
ern wall
e bulge
y which
rt life;



"AND DEEP DOWN STILL LIE THERE."

fears that were groundless, for gunpowder had to be plentifully used in removing it for the foundation of our present St. James.

In the "big room" of the Shakespeare the first Anglican service was held by Canon Bettridge of Woodstock. The room was yet unfinished, but it was crowded; and Doctor Dunlop was there. The sermon dwelt upon the need of a church and called for help. The Doctor put his hand in his pocket when all was over, and drew out a five-pound note. "That was a d—d good sermon. Never heard a better and I wish you well." It was a time of strong language and liquids.

The incumbent of those days had oftentimes no parish boundary between him and the North Pole; he was poorly paid, and it was necessary for him to farm as well as preach. To do this latter, to marry, to bury or bap-

tize, he rode all distances, from sixteen to sixty miles. With services in the log school had come Parson Hickey, his congregations always large, and the Parson, who sang and preached well, was soon able to begin an agitation for a frame church. That church is now occupied by Mr. Filey on St. George street, where it was removed to give place to the first brick one, and if robbed of its partitions today would look much the same as it did then.

The Canada Company had given a church plot, and the whole populace, country and village, was interested. All men turned out and helped in the clearing, for the dead belonging to all, before that, and for some time after, found burial in it. The bodies remained undisturbed until the Roman Catholic church got its grant, when many were removed; but the place had grown so full, and the graves so merged, that many continued undisturbed,

and, deep down, still lie there. The lot had never been surveyed, and some, mistakenly made in what was afterwards declared St. George street, appeared in the grading of it, and are yet secure in their macadam vault.

The Elm tree, a graceful object in the church ground, was a seedling from inside a small enclosure round the grave of Mrs. Alpheus Pere. The fence decayed, cattle browsed on the tender shoots, but it survived.

Crude as our times were, there were other places worse off—one where the vessels were a black bottle and tumbler, and the word *surplice* unknown. In the graveyards then wooden boards commemorated the dead with dates, with spaces between filled poetically. "My father and my mother too are dead
"And here I put this gravestone at their head.
"My father lived to 87. My mother
"Not quite so long. And one died after t'other."

But when Bishop Strachan came homespun poetry and log cabins could not hinder the glory of his Episcopal advent, drawn by four horses and attended by two servants. One of the latter acted as verger and was nearly as imposing as his master, who, wherever he dined, at home or with friend, had the other stand behind his chair to minister to the Episcopal palate. People were notified of his coming, and great were the preparations. At the one confirmation among the candidates were Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy. The choir primeval consisted of John King, "a fine specimen of an English-

man, good voice, and never missed a service" as leader, with Hines as clarinet, and Metherill the blacksmith with his bass viol. One interesting episode in '49 was the christening of McCarthy's twins, the first children born after the Queen's accession; so it was thought fit to name them Albert and Victoria, which Parson Hickey did, and the event drew a larger congregation than his eloquence ever had.

In 1840 Canon Bettridge advertised in the "Patriot" that he was ready and willing to perform services or attend the sick and dying, if so advised, in any part of the Tract. He came to Downie in the September of that year, christened children, and administered the sacrament to John Monteith, who was dying. Again he came to bury a young fellow named Walton, then studying for the ministry, but who died before his ordination.

Dunlop, J.P., took many such offices when no clergy were within legal distance. Once on his way from Toronto to Goderich he found a friend at an intermediate point, a new made and sorrowing widower. He remained and performed the last sad rites. Business took him back within a month and a horseman met him, to say his friend required his services again. This time his magisterial function was a wedding, for, "As you did the one job for me, I thought I would like you for the other."

Parson Hickey was as informal as his surroundings. A railing fenced off the small enclosure used as a chancel, and over this he strode pulpitwards.

missed a
es as clar-
smith with
g episode
f McCar-
born after
it was
lbert and
y did, and
gregation

advertised
ready and
or attend
dvised. in
e came to
that year,
ministered
teith, who
to bury a
ton, then
but who

uch offices
legal dis-
n Toronto
end at an
made and
remained
sad rites.
within a
et him, to
s services
erial func-
s you did
t I would

informal as
fenced off
a chancel,
ulpitwards.

Not so Rector Campbell, the first incumbent sent into the Tract, who sometimes officiated here. Of him Dunlop said he spoilt a fine officer and made a poor parson when he left the navy for the church. But he was a gentleman of the old school, and had a voice of such melody "it made you wish to go to Heaven when you heard him." He jogged down here on, or behind, an animal of eventful history, the horse ridden by Brock at Queenston, still carrying in its back a bullet wound which never healed.

But the journeys were not always by private carriage. The great excitement of the week was the tooting of the Post horn, as, with whip flourished, and horn sounding somewhat like a nose blown sorely against the owner's will, the coach drove up to the Inn-door in fine style, and made a final stop after circling, some five times, the sign post set in the middle of a gener-

ous yard-room ; both tokens of skill from driver and postman.

There was a grand mixture in a coach-load then ; hampers, which had taken from six weeks to three months in crossing the ocean, with all things from family jewels to Christmas puddings inside ; letters, whereof the postage ran up into the shillings and odd pence, and the poor emigrant, hungering for news from home and never a farthing in his pocket, turned away, heart-sick at "insufficient postage ;" packages of English books on Canada, just out, written by explorers who took as their caption :

"Travellers ne'er did lie
"Though fools at home condemn
them."

Wayfaring men turning like homing pigeons at the word Christmas ; weary females with carpet bags and three bandboxes in a bolster case, (a new pest of the vertebrate order and grum-



bled at by the men); all these tumbled out of The Fishcart, the first Stratford coach, so named from the marine design on the box. It was doorless, and ingress and exit were made by the windows. On it went through the Huron Tract, in an atmosphere where everything seemed turned to snow, waving and unending curtains of swansdown; overanearth of white waste broken only by the single sleigh track, obliterated almost as soon as made.

On, from Seebachs, with the limitless shadowy forest closing sombre on either side, clouds of vapor curling from mouths of men and beasts, to settle again in rime, and making the blackest head aged in an hour; on, to the tune of Canadian sleighbells, ringing out the old, ringing in the new and telling of the days to be, when the "little one had become a thousand and the small one a strong nation."

THE RELIGION OF JEAN DUNDAS.

BY GRACE E. DENISON.

"**M**ISS DUNDAS is a delightful woman, handsome, well read, bright, magnetic, but—just a little"—the Doctor paused, with three horizontal lines neatly furrowed across his forehead, and his shoulders shrugged, a picture of doubt and deprecation.

The Rector watched him with some interest. This latter was the model of an athletic Christian, a modern sporting parson. In days of old he'd have put off a wedding to follow the hounds; now, he was only sometimes two minutes late for daily Evensong to finish a game of tennis. Men agreed that he was a decent sort; women deluged him with confidences, slippers and church embroideries; young girls came from class and bible-readings with their friskiness subdued and their giddy little heads for the moment har-

boring great thoughts that made them steady; boys worshipped him and longed to be like him; dogs came confidentially and put their dumb noses into his palm; he was the dominant mind in his pretty parish.

"Miss Dundas," repeated the Doctor, changing his legs and slowly waving his foot before the grate, "is a woman I am just a little afraid of." "Afraid of? *You?*" asked the Rector, taking his long pipe from his lips and raising himself in his chair, "what on earth for?" "Well, its almost impossible to explain, just wait till you see her." "In church to-morrow?" Handsome, well-read, clever, magnetic, she'd be an inspiration, my boy. I need her badly." "William Worthington," said the Doctor impressively, "You'd better get inspiration in a safer quarter."

limitless
e on either
ing from
s, to set-
aking the
ur ; on, to
bells, ring-
e new and
when the
thousand
ation."

made them
him and
came con-
cumb noses
dominant

the Doctor,
ly waving
s a woman
" "Afraid
or, taking
and raising
on earth
possible to
see her."
Iandsome,
she'd be
need her
gton," said
ou'd better
arter."

"Explosive?" inquired the Rector, between lighting-up puffs, and there was a twinkle in his eyes that made the Doctor smile.

"Ruinous, my dear fellow. Miss Dundas is the enigma which I would give this present incarnation to solve. She has wonderful powers, ineffable repose, an influence that is little less than magic, or a good deal more. The most interesting, the only interesting woman I know, and yet—" once more the Doctor paused and shrugged his shoulders.

"You don't like her?" suggested the Rector.

"*Like her?* I am as wax in her hands; oh, just wait till you meet her. By Jupiter! I hope I'll be in the vicinity. I want to find how much there is to you, beside six-foot-two of handsome material. I believe you and Jean Dundas might understand one another.

The Doctor had scarcely finished his sentence when the door was opened wide; a sort of gasp followed his last word, as his small maid announced, "Miss Jean Dundas."

The doorway was seemingly filled with a very tall figure. Through a loosely-twisted cloud of black lace shone out a luminous face, faintly smiling, but evidently full of happy anticipation, and lower down amid the lace were two white and outstretched hands, which were grasped by the Doctor in a twinkling, as he dashed across the room.

"Bless my soul! To think you should drop down on a man like this!"

he said tremulously. "Come in and tell us what you want. Oh, by the way, you've never met our Rector, Dr. Worthington."

Jean Dundas drew one hand away from the Doctor and held it out to the Rector, and for a moment stood between them, glancing from one to the other, each man holding one of her hands.

"What good friends you are," she said, in a low gentle voice; "Dr. Worthington, I have just heard of you; I am only home from England a week, only here to-day, but everyone I have seen has told me of you. You seem to have gathered the whole parish under your wing! I am glad to know you. And how glad I am to see you looking so well, Hector!" and she put both her hands again into the Doctor's and shook them warmly.

Dr. Worthington started at the name; he had scarcely recognized the physician under his baptismal appellation.

"What do you want of me?" asked the latter, as Miss Dundas stood between them. "I have an invalid at my house and I want you to come and see her to-night; I cannot quite cure her," she said, without hesitation. "Just sit down, while I put on my coat," said the Doctor promptly, and Miss Dundas took his vacant chair.

The Rector waited for her to speak, but she seemed to have forgotten his existence, and so he sat opposite her, and studied her, bringing all his faculties into the one force of observation. Presently he began to be conscious of

some strange sensation: he trembled a little, then he got up and without speaking, crossed the hearthrug and stood by the lounging chair in which Miss Dundas was sitting. His face contracted anxiously and his hands clenched; he wanted, longed, strove to speak, but could not.

When the tension had become painful, Miss Dundas looked up. "You might come up with Dr. Grant," she said quietly, "and walk back with him; I don't think my patient will detain him five minutes."

At the first sound of her voice the Rector took a long breath; the relief was like the loosing of strangling hands on his throat. "Thank you," he stammered, "I will."

Miss Dundas rose also, and wrapped the lace more closely about her head. "The wind is a trifle rough," she said gently, preceding him to the hall, where Doctor Grant was struggling into his top-coat.

As the Rector passed him, the Doctor looked curiously into his face. It was pale, and the soft sweep of the fine lips was set as hard as iron. "By Jupiter!" murmured the man of pills, "he has felt it too; I'm glad there's another."

* * * * *

The Rector knew the large cream-colored house, which had been closed for a year while Miss Dundas was abroad. He had in his leisure moments pictured its owner as a benign and white-haired woman, in the decline of life. No one had told him of the charms of Jean Dundas, no one

had prepared him for the advent of a woman of apparently thirty years, with a royal carriage, the face of a Madonna and the voice of a dove.

He walked on her left, and heard her few words to the Doctor, in the short distance between the two houses; he was enraged with his whole acquaintance. All anyone had said was, "Miss Dundas is interesting, clever and peculiar." Only the Doctor had said "handsome," and that without assistance.

The Rector was still chafing when he mounted the steps of the cream-colored house, where light shone from every window and from the open hall doors, flung wide at their approach. Miss Dundas went before them, across the hall, and drew aside a curtain of soft eastern silk, that hung before a wide doorway.

"I have brought the Doctor, Angelique," she said cheerfully—her voice taking a new tone—"and I will send him in at once!"

"I want no doctor, lady, only you," cried a fretful voice from the room. "Come you in with your doctor."

"And the Rector also," said Jean Dundas, holding back the portieres for their entrance; "I want you to tell the Doctor about your arm, Angelique. Since it was set it has been so painful, Doctor, I am sure it needs bandaging. It was so rough this voyage. Poor Angelique had no rest." Then turning to the Rector, Miss Dundas said softly, "Let us wait here, she is my maid, I am very fond of her; I can't bear to see her suffer, and yet, I think she must, *this time*."

event of a
ty years,
face of a
dove.
nd heard
or, in the
o houses;
hole ac-
said was,
clever and
had said
assistance.
ing when
the cream-
hone from
open hall
approach.
em, across
curtain of
g before a

or, Ange-
her voice
will send

only you,"
the room.
tor."

said Jean
portieres for
to tell the
Angelique.
so painful,
bandaging.
ge. Poor
hen turn-
ndas said
she is my
r; I can't
et, I think

They stood in a bay window, where ferns and greenery mocked the coming winter outside. Close beside him she stood, and the Rector did not shrink, rather drew uneasily near her, as they waited.

Presently a shrill cry and a torrent of French exclamations cleft the air.

"Gently, gently," said the Doctor sharply, "You are very nervous. If you are quiet, I won't hurt you more than I can help."

Miss Dundas turned and looked at her maid, and the girl sobbed a plea for pardon. "Keep your eyes on me, sweet lady," she murmured in French, "thus can I bear the pain. Ah! you see, it is not nearly so bad now when you look at me."

The Rector glanced at Miss Dundas; she was plucking the lace from about her head. She was biting her lips, tears were gathering in her eyes, a deep flush crept up her soft neck and dyed her face. Her mouth drooped in a curve of infinite sadness, almost of self pity; suddenly she caught her arm in one hand and a little moan burst from her.

Angelique heard it. "Don't disturb yourself, dear lady," she said brightly. "The pain is quite gone, I suffer no longer. The doctor is of the gentlest. It is a heaven of rest; the pain is gone!"

Dr. Worthington moved yet closer to Miss Dundas; a light seemed to come into his mind. "This is not right!" he whispered. "Do you hear? Let her bear it. Sit down at once."

Miss Dundas sank into a chair, and closed her eyes, as the Doctor came

from Angelique's side. "It is a wretched job," he remarked, "and badly needs looking to. I will go and get my bandages and do the best I can. Rector, will you come with me?"

A faint cry of pain came from the suffering Angelique. Miss Dundas stood up. "Must it be done to-night?" she asked very softly. "Certainly, no use putting it off. You go and talk to Dr. Worthington in the drawing-room. Most marvellous how that girl braced up when I spoke sharply to her."

Dr. Worthington offered his arm in an old-fashioned style to Miss Dundas. The girl paused, half extended her hand, and then with a sudden closing of the lips and eyes, her body straightened, she gathered up her lace, and without glancing at her maid, went before them from the room. At the door of the drawing-room, she said in a faint voice, "Let us have some music. I will play for you."

The Rector did not want music; he was on a rack of curiosity. He panted to question, to protest, to upbraid; but when Miss Dundas began to play, he forgot everything but what she was saying to him.

She told him, in a plaintive prelude, of the pain and sin which the world knows; then she made him understand that love was greater than pain, and then she showed him love, purest, strongest, eternal love, until the air was violet-hued about him, and he was in spirit on his knees; and then pain and love strove in the chords until he held his breath, and at last one great sweep of rapturous melody, and there

was no pain, but Peace, with Love in her arms !

The Rector sat motionless until Jean Dundas turned and looked at him, with luminous eyes, and he knew she saw, instead of his stalwart form, the inner soul of him, and for the first time he understood something about which he had been preaching for a decade.

The Doctor came as they sat looking at one another, and at his voice they simultaneously closed their eyes a moment in the sudden, shrouding way one would draw a curtain before a sacred shrine. "I was obliged to give the maid an opiate," said the physician gravely. "I had a nice time of it with her, before I settled her down."

"I knew there was something beyond me," said Jean Dundas, going to meet him; "was it very hard on her?"

"Well, I brought up young sawbones from the hospital with me and we broke the bone and it set properly. All she needs now is time and quiet. How she squalls at one in French!"

Dr. Worthington stood up. "Miss Dundas is going to send her to the hospital," he said quietly, "private room and every comfort, Doctor; will you manage it in the morning?"

Twice Miss Dundas breathed quickly; then, she bent her head under the gaze of the Rector.

"Of course I will," said the Doctor briskly.

Next morning the Rector, who was usually up and abroad before breakfast, came thoughtfully into the Doctor's surgery.

Dr. Grant was in the dining-room beyond, discussing his chop and coffee. "Had breakfast, Rector?" he enquired, in a husky tone, suggesting lack of table manners.

"Not yet. Mrs. Worthington never takes her place behind the urn before half-past eight, you know. I just wanted you not to forget that girl."

"Angelique?" queried the Doctor. "By the way, what makes Miss Dundas send her to the hospital at all?"

"It is best for Miss Dundas," said the Rector slowly. Doctor Grant laid down his knife and fork. "Now, you've something to tell me?" he exclaimed, as the Rector disposed of his long legs under the corner of the table-cloth. "You have seen Jean Dundas. Has she given you that inspiration?"

"Grant," said the Rector irrelevantly, "is Miss Dundas likely to remain here?"

"Couldn't undertake to say; Miss Dundas may stay here three days, or three years. She did not tell me she was leaving. Why, she's not here twenty-four hours yet."

The Rector considered. "I think I shall go up after breakfast and ask her," he said, speaking as if to himself.

Then he went home and sat at the foot of his table while Mrs. Worthington poured tea, and informed him of the return of Miss Dundas. "She came home last evening, William, to place her maid in the hospital that Dr. Grant might look after her. I wonder if there is anything between her and Doctor Grant. They are both *so* peculiar."

The Rector did not answer, and Mrs.

ining-room
and coffee,
e enquired,
ng lack of

ngton never
urn before
w. I just
at girl."

he Doctor.
Miss Dun-
at all?"

ndas," said

Grant laid

k. "Now,

e?" he ex-
isposed "is

of the table-
an Dundas,

spiration?"

irrelevantly,
to remain

say; Miss

ree days, or

tell me she

s not here

"I think I
st and ask
to himself.
I sat at the
Worthing-
ned him of
"She came
n, to place
t Dr. Grant
wonder if
n her and
re both *so*
er, and Mrs.

Worthington turned to rebuke the small girl and boy who were quarrelling over their toys.

It was next morning. How far away seemed last night.

After breakfast the Rector went out. At the first turn he met a brougham with a trunk-laden cart following it. From the window looked the beautiful face of Jean Dundas.

He mechanically lifted his hat and stood bareheaded till the carriage was out of sight, then he hurried down to the depot.

The train was coming in as he reached Miss Dundas. "You are going away?" he said hurriedly.

"I think it is best," she said, looking again past him, finding again the soul of him.

"Do you know that it is wrong, that suffering for others? Tell me that you will not practice it again; that you"—his words died out.

"Why not? *Is it not the Christ life?*"

said Miss Dundas, "You know better than you say."

He drew closer to her.

"Yes," he said breathlessly. "And I must know more. Will you stay? Will you teach me?"

She smiled; such a gentle, encouraging comprehension in her face that his soul grew strong, but she said nothing.

"I will learn alone," he said slowly.

"Knowledge such as you desire only comes in solitude," she answered.

The train halted beside them.

"And you are going?"

"To Paris," she murmured. "There are many hospitals there?"

"How you crucify yourself!" he protested.

She smiled; it was the smile of an angel.

"Yes; that is the word," she said.

"Good-bye!"

* * * * *

CAUSE FOR SORROW.

I think we are too prodigal of grief.

Tears flow too readily. Our sighs are thrown

To swell the unheeding air; and many a groan

Is drawn to give the o'ercharged heart relief

When the heart scarce needs relieving. Life's too brief

To spend in mourning for slight troubles. None

Save those who kneel beside the churchyard stone

Can say they have gathered in the crowning sheaf

Of misery's harvest. They may make their moan

And none forbid—their sorrow knows no sleep.

But for all else Time takes he can atone;

Waste then no breath in sighs—nor vigils keep

For woes that are but transient. Death alone

Deals wounds Time cannot heal—therefore Death only weep.

ANNIE ROTHWELL CHRISTIE.

THE ANGEL OF THE DUSK.

“GOODNIGHT, goodnight,” the robins call,
The sleepy murmuring streams reply ;
The dear dark angel of the dusk
Sings low her lullaby.

The listening one shall hear her voice,
The voice whose nameless sweet control
Has power to soothe the weary heart,
To strengthen and console.

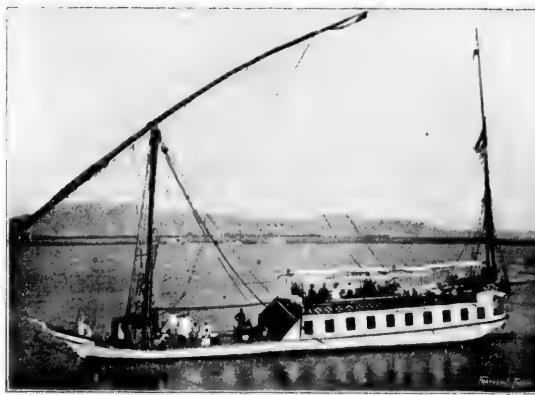
Her feet have trod the sacred hill,
Her eyes still hold the sunset fire
One star above her forehead gleams,
Her smiles our dream inspire.

Sad soul, be still and hear her song ;
The petty hurts the day-time brought
Before its cadence clear and low
Shall fade and be as naught.

But sorrow wrought of death or love
She shall not seek to cast aside,
Since sorrow knows the narrow way
Up life's steep mountain-side.

Her eyes, her voice, are stirred with love ;
She gives her soul to him who hears ;
The dear dark angel of the dusk
Sings low of joy and tears.

ELIZABETH GOSTWYCKE ROBERTS.



THE "MANSOURAH."

FROM CAIRO TO THE FIRST CATARACT.

BY M. M. WATSON.

NEW Year's Day without snow or frost; New Year's with the thermometer at 75 in the shade, in the balmy air and under the cloudless skies of an Egyptian January!

It was with strange feelings that I sat on the deck of the good dahabeyah "Mansourah" and gazed at the pastoral scenes on either hand, with all the vivid and gorgeous coloring that language cannot and paint brush dare not attempt to reproduce; while before my mind's eye arose the familiar Canadian home scene,—the sparkling snow, the sleigh-bells jingling on the keen, frosty air, and the blazing, open fires indoors. I had to pinch myself to make sure that I was not dreaming. But there was the long Nile before me, with its flat, fertile banks on each side, where palm trees stood out sharply against

the glowing sky; there were the mosques and minarets of Cairo fast fading into the distance behind us; and there, on the horizon, were the everlasting hills, the same that had kept watch over the building of the Pyramids, that had seen the glory and the decay of Thebes and of Memphis. I knew now that I was in the land of the Pharaohs; the land where the children of Israel toiled in captivity; the land of ancient and mysterious ruins whose grandeur no books can describe.

We were nearing Bedreshayn, the first stopping-place after leaving Cairo, and the nearest point for visiting Sakkarah and Memphis. Our dahabeyah had been rented from Cook, and was a model boat of its kind, comfortable and roomy, with an obliging

crew, and a chef whose achievements in the culinary line surpassed our wildest expectations. We had perfect weather for our start, and the prospect before us for the next few weeks was one of unalloyed pleasure.

We reached Bedreshayn at night, and early next morning rode out to the scene of our explorations. We visited the site of Memphis, that ancient and famous city, now marked only by a few mounds of clay or rubbish, and a palm grove or two ; and we saw the two enormous statues of Rameses the Great, supposed to be about the best remains of old Egyptian sculpture, which originally stood at the entrance of the great Temple of Ptah. They had fallen and been buried in the mud, but were removed and properly placed and protected by General Stephenson of the Royal Engineers. Afterwards we rode out to the Sakkarah group of Pyramids, one of which was the oldest building in the world when Abraham went out of his own country to the land of Canaan. The imagination cannot grasp the thought of all the years that have passed over this time-defying monument ; language failed us as we stood beneath

its shadow, and we turned away in silence to follow our Arab guide to the Serapeum, the ancient and long-lost tombs of the Sacred Bulls. These tombs were discovered by the explorer Mariette in 1850. On entering one of the chambers alone, his startled eyes fell upon the footprints left on the sand floor by the embalmers who had placed the mummies in their last resting place, where they had lain, undisturbed by any human presence, for nearly four thousand years. The tombs consist of a series of dark, vaulted chambers, each containing an enormous empty sarcophagus of polished granite, where once reposed the body of one of those famous bulls, the God "Apis" of that marvellous old religion. The tombs have neither light nor ventilation of any kind, and we were provided with candles, the dragoman and guide going

ahead with three each. Down the long, wide, vaulted passage the heat and the stifling air were so oppressive that we could hardly breathe, and the relief on returning to the fresh air and sunlight was very great.

After lunch, which our men served in the deserted house of M. Mariette,



COLOSSUS OF MEMNON.

I away in
uide to the
long-lost
s. These
e explorer
ring one of
rtled eyes
e footprints
sand floor
almers who
the mumm-
ir last rest-
where they
undisturbed
man pres-
nearly four
years. The
st of a series
ulted cham-
containing
ous empty
as of polish-
where once
the body of
ose famous
God "Apis"
ravelloous old
The tombs
her light nor
of any kind,
ere provided
es, the drag-
guide going
wn the long,
e heat and
pressive that
nd the relief
air and sun-
men served
M. Mariette,

we visited the magnificent remains of the tomb of "Ti," a wealthy Egyptian who married the granddaughter of one of the Pharaohs, and built himself this huge tomb, which is half a temple, with the story of his life and surroundings carved upon the walls. Ti himself is depicted several times larger than anybody else; his wife comes next in size; and then there are long processions of slaves and representations of all his vast possessions and of his mode of life. The coloring of these pictures is almost entirely destroyed.

On our return to the boat we found the wind favorable, and a start was made. The "Mansourah" was making good headway, and we were just finishing dinner, when bang! bump! crash! —we were fast on a sandbank. We hurried on deck and found half the crew in the water, stripped, and shoving the bow, while the other half pushed with long punting poles. The moon had risen, and the scene presented a most picturesque appearance. After an hour's hard work we went on, and the men were treated to whiskey all round after their labors. Five of them—good Mahomedans refused, but the others took it, and from their evident enjoyment must have been old staggers.

For the next two days the wind was light, and we amused ourselves watching the women and children who came down to the shore and scrambled for the coins we threw them. A monk from the Coptic monastery opposite which we tied up one night, swam across the river and stood on the bank,

crossing himself with one hand while he held out the other and begged.

On the second day one of the sailors, who had been suffering from his eyes for two years, and was nearly blind, attracted my attention. I examined his eyes, and removed twelve eyelashes which were growing under the lids. The fame of this performance was immediately spread abroad, and I presently discovered that I was looked upon by the natives as a worker of miracles, a "Hakim Sit," or Doctor-Lady. I was treated with the utmost respect and reverence for the rest of the trip, and managed at different times to afford relief to a good many poor sufferers from neglect or disease.

On our arrival at Minieh, our next stopping place, we landed and went to see the town. Minieh does not repay inspection however. It is a city of mud huts, with narrow, filthy streets crowded with men, women, and children, donkeys and camels, all indescribably dirty. We visited the fish market, where the fish are spread out for sale on straw mats on a dust floor, and the people walk round or over them indiscriminately. If you stop to look at any dealer's wares his neighbor immediately drags his own mat of fish over that of the first man; whereupon a fight promptly ensues, while the crowd gather round, and the shouting sailors shove them back with their staves. In the meat market we were amused to see one butcher hit another over the head with a quarter of beef. Our dragoman bought a sheep, which was at once hoisted on a man's shoul-



"THOSE EVERLASTING DOORS."

ders and conveyed to the dahabeeyah.

For the next week little of interest occurred to break the pleasant monotony of our journey. We sat on deck and watched with never-wearied eyes the changing scenery ; now stretches of level fields with occasional mud villages ; now high walls of rocky cliff, pierced with innumerable tombs—as at Gebel-Abufayda ; then again broad expanses of fertile valley and palm-groves, with the distant mountains on the horizon, and the marvellous brilliancy of coloring over all. Birds of strange form and plumage afforded us endless study ; other dahabeeyahs met or overtook us with parties of excursionists on board ; and the passing of the mail-steamer was the signal for sending off our voluminous letters to the friends at home.

We passed Siut, sometimes written Asyoot, without stopping, and with a fair wind the "Mansourah" made good time to Girgeh, the capital of Middle

Egypt, and one of the most picturesque towns in this picturesque country. Our first stop of any duration was at Abydos, where we landed and took donkeys for the ride of seven or eight miles to the Temples.

I say we "took donkeys," but I might here explain that to engage a donkey in Egypt is one thing, and to ride him is quite another. Nowhere

can you find donkeys for hire with saddles, and seldom with bridles, so we carry our own. Now, these particular donkeys were entirely unused to bits and bridles, and very decidedly objected to saddles. I mounted mine—the saddle turned—and I promptly got off again. On my second attempt my steed rose first on its hind legs, then on its front ones, and finally lay down on its stomach. The T.'s had much the same experience. However having, as usual, about two dozen to choose from, we finally succeeded in getting mounted and started in procession, the "Hakim Sit" proudly leading, followed by Sophie. Then came three of the sailors, twenty-seven natives (by actual count), Rose, another sailor, three more natives, then the T.'s, attended by two sailors and about fifty natives, two of whom acted as our guard and carried flint-locks. The unused donkeys, some dogs, and a sheep or two brought up the rear. We must have presented a most imposing appearance.

The Temple at Abydos was built by Seti I. as a Memnonium for himself. He died, however, before its completion, and his son, Rameses the Great, finished it, but as usual with the Pharaohs could not resist singing his own praises instead of his father's. In this temple was found that wonderful Tablet of Abydos, containing the names of seventy-five kings, from Mena down to Seti I.

Abydos was supposed to contain the most important of all the Osiris tombs, and after the death of the kings their bodies were left here in the Memnoniums for a time before being buried at Thebes, in order that their souls might the sooner be merged into Osiris.

Our stay here was all too short, but Thebes was drawing near, and there was the great Temple at Denderah to be seen first. I shall never forget our visit to this, one of the finest temples in Egypt, dedicated to Hathor, or Athor, the Egyptian Venus. Seen from a distance it appeared to be simply an immense mass of masonry, supported by eight huge columns; but on reaching it each of these columns is seen to be surmounted by a head of Hathor, while the walls within and without are entirely covered with a bewildering multitude of carved figures and inscriptions. Entering the vast, dim hall, with its twenty-four Hathor-headed columns, we were oppressed and confounded by the profusion of mystic symbolism around us. Strange, weird forms met our eyes on every side; the walls from top to bottom were a mass of intricate carving;

the enormous depths of space, the solemn half-light, the thronging figures, filled us with a mysterious and shrinking awe. We knew that all this elaborate scheme of decoration, so long an unsolved riddle, had been read and explained; we knew that by reference to the guide-book we could discover exactly what each figure represented, and what place it held in the mighty whole; but the marvel, the mystery, the vague and indescribable charm remained, and it was long before we could tear ourselves away from the fascination of this wonderful spot. But time was rapidly passing, and we had to hasten on to Thebes.

Of the two weeks which we spent in Thebes (now Luxor), and of all that we saw during that time, I can attempt no detailed description. No language of mine could do justice to the stupendous and awe-inspiring grandeur of the ruins in and around the site of the ancient and once beautiful city. Amelia B. Edwards, in "A Thousand Miles Up the Nile," gives an account which will convey a very good idea of their appearance; but no one who has never seen them can realize the thrill of awe and wonder, the overwhelming sense of their immensity and one's own littleness that comes over one at the sight of all that remains of their former magnificence. And when the battered and mutilated fragments can produce so great an effect upon us, what must the originals have been, when they stood in their full pride and beauty; and what of the people who lived and moved in the midst of such creations,—the people who created

them? Were they indeed human beings who achieved these marvels? Here, in this nineteenth century, the very effort to imagine what ancient Thebes must have been takes away our breath; and yet they were men—immortals like ourselves—who conceived and planned and executed all that this land of wonders contains, from the Great Pyramid and the Sphinx at Cairo to the fallen Colossus of syenite before the Ramesseum at Thebes, the weight of which, and the manner of its transportation hither have baffled the modern world.

A slight outline of the geographical position of Thebes may help to give an understanding of the plan of the ancient city. It was built on both sides of the river. On the eastern bank is the present village, and the great Temple of Karnak. On the western side are the Ramesseum, or Temple of Rameses II., and the collection of temples known as Medinet Habu. The entire space is about two miles from north to south, and four from east to west. Further back on the western side lies the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings.

We visited Karnak twice, on our way up and on our return. The second time I had the great good fortune to see it by the light of the full moon. Never shall I forget the approach through the avenue of ghostly, ruined Sphinxes, the tremendous pylons looming above us, the great Hypostyle Hall, with its 124 gigantic columns, and the wonderful light and shade effects of the moonlight among them. We were awed into silence, and during

the two or three hours that we spent there we scarcely spoke. I could have stayed all night.

The great Ramesseum on the western bank is even more magnificent. The columns and pillars yet standing enable us to judge of the stupendous beauty of the original. Enormous colonnades formed the courts, each column having a capital in the form of a papyrus bud—those at the ends having in front of them huge statues of Rameses as Osiris. In the outer court is the famous fallen Colossus; and on the plain to the south-west are the two sitting Colossi of Memnon, one of which was known as the Vocal Memnon, whose sonorous tones were heard at sunrise. Both are battered and featureless, but enough remains to give us an idea of what they looked like. There they sit, as they have sat for untold centuries, with patient hands on their knees, and patient faces turned towards the wide expanse of plain. At home again in Canada, among the familiar scenes and faces, I sometimes try to realize that those twin sentinels are still sitting there, guarding at this moment those mighty ruins, as they will sit when this generation has passed away, and new nations, new civilizations, have arisen to wonder at them. These "silent forms" do indeed

"tease us out of thought
As doth Eternity."

We devoted a day to visiting the Tombs of the Kings, especially that of Seti I. The carvings in these royal sepulchres differ from any that we have yet seen in the subjects of which they

that we spent
I could have

on the wes-
magnificent.
yet standing
e stupendous

Enormous
courts, each
in the form of
the ends hav-
e statues of
the outer court
sus ; and on
st are the two
non, one of
Vocal Mem-
ns were heard
ered and fea-
ns to give us
looked like
we sat for un-
gent hands on
faces turned
e of plain. At
, among the
I sometimes
win sentinels
rdling at this
ruins, as they
eration has
nations, new
o wonder at
ms" do in-

ut of thought

visiting the
ially that of
these royal
hat we have
which they

treat. In all the tombs we had visited up to this time the decorations had been pictures from the lives of their occupants ; descriptions of their rank and possessions, their occupations and amusements ; of battles won by them, and of incidents that had happened to

abodes of peace and beatitude. The tombs are all empty, having been rifled not only of the bodies of the kings, but of the almost incalculable treasure that was invariably buried with them. We were glad to return to the sunlight, and to spend the time we had left among



PHILAE.

them or to their families. Here all was changed. The scenes on the walls of these last resting places of royalty are all descriptive of the life to come ; very grotesque and terrible many of them,—illustrating the passage of the soul through all manner of changes and transformations into the final

the grand Temples and statues above ground, rather than in those gloomy abodes of darkness and "the Shadow of Death."

After leaving Thebes we visited the stately Temple at Kom Ombo, which space will not allow me to describe ; and a day or two later we reached Edfu.

It was about two in the afternoon of a very hot day when the dahabeyah was moored ; and about five o'clock we rode out to the Temple, whose mighty pylons we had seen for some time in the distance. Higher and higher they rose as we drew near, till at last we came to the top of a flight of steps which led *down* from the level of the village to the pavement of the Temple, and from there we beheld those "everlasting doors," towering above us to a height of 75 feet, and stretching down below us for at least forty more. For Edfu has all been excavated. Ten years ago all that could be seen of it were the tops of those giant portals ; and the village of mud huts was built upon its roof. Now it is entirely dug out, and is the most perfectly preserved Temple in Egypt, though not belonging to so ancient a period as Karnak or Medinet Habu. The effect of the interior is even more confusing than that of Denderah, so closely covered with inscriptions and hieroglyphs are the walls, the pillars, the cornices, in fact every available inch of space. Whole histories might be compiled from these wonderful documents, graven upon imperishable stone.

We climbed the 246 steps leading to the top of one of the pylons, and were repaid by a view of the sunset which I shall remember as long as I live. At our feet lay the town, its mud huts and tiny mosque looking like child's playthings from that height ; beyond it were the fields and palm-groves, the white Cairo road, the winding river, and the distant haze of

the mountains. The whole scene was bathed in the glowing colors of a sunset more brilliant and gorgeous than any we had yet seen in Egypt ; and behind us, in the shadow, lay the great Temple, the vaulted immensity of its gloomy halls rich in the records of a "creed outworn," and peopled with the ghosts of gods and priests of two thousand years ago.

Time was all too short, and once more the "Mansourah" was under way. After an uneventful sail we reached Assuan, the ancient Syene, and the limit of Egypt proper. Then followed the picturesque scenery of the First Cataract and the islands, the excitement of shooting the smaller rapid in a row boat, and the swarms of scantily clothed natives who gave exhibitions of swimming down the roaring, foaming shaft ; and then there remained only the exploration of Philæ.

This beautiful island forms a fitting close to a journey which has been full of wonder and beauty. It was a sacred place in ancient times, and has many splendid and interesting ruins. In the great temple of Isis we saw the marvellous coloring which time seems to have had no power to deface ; every delicate tint of the capitals, which represent lotus and papyrus buds and palms, is as fresh and perfect as if laid on yesterday. Here, for the first time, we saw veritable "Nile Green." The courtyards are enclosed by magnificent colonnades, and the carvings and sculptures are, as usual, elaborate. We spent a whole day here, and had our lunch (sad desecration) in the small Temple known as Pharaoh's Bed.

On our return to the boat Mr. T. presented the sailors with two sheep, with which to hold a celebration. It was a laughable sight to see the men leading these two animals, which they had tied with their red sashes, up and down before the boat, waving palm branches over them and singing. That evening there were "sounds of revelry by night," and judging from the noise they made, our crew enjoyed themselves thoroughly.

At last the start was made on the return journey, the men rowing six on each side as the galleys were rowed in olden times. When the wind was strong the dahabeeyah was simply allowed to drift, and it appeared to be of no importance whether we went

bow or stern first, or broadside on.

We revisited most of the places we had seen on the way up, and having more time at our disposal were able to inspect them more closely, and to carry away a more definite and lasting impression. These second visits were, if possible, an even greater enjoyment than the first.

At last Cairo was reached again, and after a few days spent in shopping and sight-seeing among the bazaars, and a second visit to the Pyramids and the Sphinx, we took the steamer for Naples, and bid a reluctant farewell to the land where we had seen so much of mystery and marvel, so many colossal ruins of ancient glories—magnificent even in their decay.

A SPRAY OF WINTER GREEN; OR STORY OF TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

BY M. A. FITZGIBBON.

IN a pioneer clearing of the western woods on the shores of one of our northern rivers, whose rapid current wound in and out between well-wooded banks, now and again expanding its breadth into island dotted lakes or smooth stretches of shallow water stood a large one-storied log house. It was solidly and substantially built, and the many out-houses and stables which clustered about it were indicative of a certain amount of wealth and prosperity.

On Christmas eve, 18—, the large sitting room in the log house was

lighted only by the blazing pine logs in the wide open fireplace; the flames flooding parts of the room with ruddy light and leaving others in deep changing shadow.

Handsome fur rugs covered the polished floor, low easy chairs and lounges of varied shapes and sizes, —none the less comfortable because they were home made and roughly hewn,—rustic tables and a spindly six-legged piano, furnished the room.

Water colour sketches in rough frames, game bags, landing nets, snow shoes, Indian fire bags and pouches

gorgeously embroidered in beads of many colours, decorated the unpapered walls ; guns and fishing rods leant against the corners, and upon the grotesque arms and rude projections of a brightly polished root of the red cedar tree, hung caps, scarfs, and whips. The tables and wide mantle shelf were littered with a medley of Indian knife-sheaths, belts, baskets, gloves, pipes, a few books, mats of the sweet scented Indian hay and woman's work of various sorts, all in the orderly disorder of a room lived in by a large family.

While the fire crackled and roared up the chimney, sending bright sparks far into the room to be promptly picked up by deft, accustomed fingers or tramped out by the foot nearest to which they fell, inside the house, the storm raged fierce and wild without.

The wind blew with impotent fury against the stout log walls, howled down the clearing, moaned through the tops of the distant pines ; now shrieking as in mortal agony, now groaning as if in utter despair, then dying away down the river in a sort of weird, sobbing sigh, but to return the next moment with redoubled violence.

It was an awful night, but the party gathered in the warmth and glow of the great log fire thought little of it. Such nights were of common occurrence with them, and while they were not obliged to be out in it they paid little heed to the tempest.

Someone, however, had said that the wind sounded uncanny in its shrieks. The remark had been followed by an immediate demand for a ghost story, and the dark-eyed, delicate

boy, who was lying on a lounge in the darkest corner of the room, had told one. Told it with the thrilling tones and graphic language of a firm believer in the supernatural.

They had listened, some with eager and breathless interest, others sceptical or openly unbelieving. Frances Marston, the tall girl with shining brown hair and dark eyes, was the first to break the silence which followed the conclusion of the story.

"What nonsense it all is. No one believes in ghosts now-a-days ;" and as if to shake off any lingering doubts of the truth of her assertion, she rose and came forward into the broad light of the fire.

"I do, for one," answered a manly voice from an arm-chair in the shadow of the chimney, "I believe there is a border land between us and eternity, where possibly some may pause before entering the 'great beyond' ; and that there are others living, whose perceptions are fine enough or affections strong enough to enable them to penetrate the veil, to see things hidden from those of a coarser, more material nature."

"You may be right," was the slow reply, "but after all it is only a theory ; you have no proof of its reality. Even in the so-called authenticated ghost stories or tales of warnings you will find they are seldom told by the people who actually experience them. It is generally a friend, or some one's sister's friend, or a 'man they knew,' to whom the warning spirit or ghost appears."

"I believe you would not mind see-

lounge in the
room, had told
thrilling tones
a firm believer

me with eager
others skep-
ting. Frances
with shining
eyes, was the
which follow
story.

is. No one
a-days ;" and
gering doubts
ction, she rose
the broad light

vered a manly
in the shadow
eve there is a
s and eternity,
ay pause before
ond'; and that
whose percep-
or affections
e them to pene-
things hidden
, more material

' was the slow
only a theory ;
s reality. Even
nticated ghost
nings you will
d by the people
ce them. It is
some one's sis-
they knew' to
rit or ghost ap-

and not mind see-

ing one yourself," said a laughing voice
behind her.

" The stories one hears, too," Frances
added, unheeding the last speaker,
" of people appearing to their friends
to warn or tell them of death are open
to criticism. It is not impossible
strong imagination may account for
them ; one so seldom hears of the 'ap-
pearance' until after the announcement
has reached the friends by ordinary
channels."

" Have you no faith in the veracity
of those who tell of such ?" asked the
man who had proclaimed his belief in
the supernatural.

" Oh, they do not mean to be un-
truthful, nor do they think they are,
but after the lapse of days, or weeks
perhaps, the merest coincidence as-
sumes importance ; when the reality
transpires the shadow is unconsciously
fitted to it, and as the slightest deviation
of a line in the drawing of a face
may alter the whole expression, so the
way memory recalls the past will
change the events remembered."

" But how do you account for the
stories told by those who are too pro-
saically accurate to have any imagina-
tion or ideality about them ?"

" People it would be difficult to
find," replied the girl; " I don't believe
there is any one in the world without
it, whether prompted by faith or fear.
The most cold-hearted, hardest-headed
men, or worldly-wise, selfish women,
have a touch of it in their nature some-
where."

" Oh, I say Frances," cried a boy
who lay on a brown bear skin at her
feet, " don't let us in for one of your

long-winded arguments. You and
Edward can fight it out when you are
alone."

" And all the delightfully creepy
feelings Harry's story put us into are
blown away by their doubts and argu-
ments," chimed in another voice in
tones of mock regret.

Frances sighed as she turned away
from the torrent of words which poured
in now from others in the room. She
would have liked to pursue the discus-
sion although she might never agree
with her opponent. Leaning her arm
on the low mantle shelf, Frances gazed
dreamily into the fire, unconscious that
while Edward Heriot tossed back the
ball of chaff thrown him by the boys,
he was watching the changing light
and shadows on her face.

The son of an officer who had served
in a line regiment in Holland, and
later in Canada where he had remained
when his regiment was ordered home,
Edward had been left fatherless
early in life, with two young brothers
and a delicate mother dependent upon
him. By dint of hard work and a
good deal of self-denial he had not
only succeeded in educating the former
and providing for the latter, but
was on the high road to fortune.

Now, when a man of thirty, he
watched the girl he loved, he thought,
—but one year more of waiting, and
he would have a home to offer her.
The struggle between love and pru-
dence was great. It was hard to keep
silence, hard to keep back the words
he longed to speak. But knowing so
well his mother's jealous nature he
could not risk his life's happiness by

asking Frances to share the home his mother had ruled so long. No ; he must wait until his brothers were ready to take his place, wait and hope in the future.

In Frances' thoughts, consciousness of loving or being loved had as yet found no place. An insatiable desire to acquire knowledge crowded out every other thought. History, science, poetry, politics, she took enthusiastic interest in all, and nothing gave her keener pleasure than what Percy had called one of her "long-winded arguments" with Edward Heriot.

Edward was one of the few men with whom she had an opportunity to discuss questions that interested her ; he was always ready to lend her books or papers, to tell her what to read or help her to understand allusions to scientific or political matters beyond the reach of her limited acquirements.

She had grown so accustomed to looking for him at the Homestead that no suspicion of any deeper feeling than friendship had ever crossed her mind or disturbed their pleasant intercourse. Edward knew it and was content. While no other came between them to wake the love in his darling's heart he could wait—wait and watch, never doubting that when the right time came to claim it he would win the love he craved.

Later in the evening, while lingering good-nights were being said and the last chaff scattered right and left over the hanging up of the various sized stockings by the chimney that they might be in readiness to receive gifts from that saint of childhood's faith,

Santa Claus, and when each was vying with the other in the absurdity of their expectations from the inexhaustible stores of the saint, Frances and Edward were together for a moment.

"Do you believe, Frances," he asked, "that when two people love each other there may not be an unseen connecting influence which if one were in danger of death might enable him to give her warning of his fate and tell her his last thoughts were of her?"

"No. Yet—I do not know ; there may be, and if so there could be no stronger proof of his love."

"Yes, there is a stronger,—the keeping silence when to speak too soon words ever trembling on his lips, would bring trouble where he wished only joy," and Edward's voice was hoarse with repressed feeling.

A spray of dark leafed winter-green with its bright red berries, which Frances had been twirling between her fingers, fell fluttering to the ground. She had thought only of theory in the abstract, but Edward's last word startled her.

Stooping to pick up the fallen spray he broke it in two, and, recovering himself with an effort, said lightly, "Let us make a compact, Frances, by way of an attempt to prove the truth or fallacy of the power, and agree, that if anything serious happens to either when 'absent from one another,' we will try to warn the other of it. We might keep this twig of evergreen leaves to remind us of our compact."

Unconsciously Edward's voice grew grave again ; and Frances, raising her eyes to his, said slowly,

each was vying
surdity of their
the inexhaustible
ances and Ed-
a moment.
ances," he asked,
love each other
nseen connect-
f one were in
enable him to
s fate and tell
ere of her?"
ot know; there
re could be no
ve."

nger,—the keep-
speak too soon
g on his lips,
here he wished
ard's voice was
feeling.
fed winter-green
berries, which
ing between her
to the ground.
of theory in the
last word star-

the fallen spray
recovering him-
id lightly, "Let
Frances, by way
ve the truth or
nd agree, that if
pens to either
ne another, we
ther of it. We
ng of evergreen
our compact."

ard's voice grew
ces, raising her

"I will not forget, but do my part,
if it be possible."

Was it a foreshadowing of how the
compact would be kept that made the
words sound like a vow from which
naught but death could release them?

Unintentionally, Edward had told
his love. He had asked no question,
expected no answer; but Frances, in
the glow of light that filled her senses,
never thought of that. Calm, but not
cold, she was wakened from existence
into life, yet made no sign save the
sudden loosening of her fingers from
around the spray of leaves and berries.

Christmas day with its joyous morn;
the service in the little stone church
whose pillars and altar had been de-
corated with wreaths of cedar boughs
and bright red berries from the rowan
trees and bitter-sweet vine, the Cana-
dian substitute for the holly of the
motherland; the songs of praise sung
by the children of the white man and
the dusky sons of the forest, their
voices mingling in sweet unison to be
borne upward to the throne of God;
the family greetings; the merry dinner,
where turkey and cranberry sauce
took the place of the roast beef of Old
England; the sleigh drive in the
moonlight; and all the fun and frolic
of the evening passed, and the New
Year, with all its hopes and fears, was
ushered in. The party assembled in
the homestead separated, returning to
their homes and work.

Edward and Frances met and parted
as usual, read the same books, argued
and differed or agreed as before, but
never once did either speak of the
strange vow made that Christmas eve.

Months passed, the winter snows
gave place to spring. Summer follow-
ed with all its attendant work and
pleasures. Early autumn frosts clothed
the forests in regal robes of scarlet, red,
and russet brown; the beech and
maples shed their leaves in showers of
gold, the merry squirrels raced from
tree to tree gathering with busy haste
their winter stores; the sportsmen's
guns were banging over the marshes,
tiny canoes gliding in among the
ripened rice fields disturbing the dark
canvas-backs at their morning meal, or
in swift chase of the antlered deer so
gallantly breasting the stream in vain
flight from his pursuer, and the skies
were veiled in the silvery mist of In-
dian summer when news came to the
Homestead of the death of a distant
relative whose property in England
fell to Mrs. Marston.

A family council was held and the
decision arrived at was that Mrs. Mar-
ston and Frances should cross the
Atlantic to claim it.

To go home to England,—for to
every true Canadian, even though they
may never tread its shores, England is
ever home,—had been to Frances a
long cherished desire, and it was full
of pleasurable anticipation now that
the desire was to be gratified. She
went about smiling, and building
castles in the air of all she would see
and hear, until her brothers laughed at
her abstracted air, telling her the
smiles were idiotic and her manner
savored of incipient insanity.

But Frances paid little heed to
them. The only regret she felt was
that she must go without saying good-

bye to Edward, he being away up one of the back rivers looking after his business, prospecting for timber limits, and in ignorance of her projected visit to England.

Early in November Frances and her mother sailed from New York, and after a longer passage than we are accustomed to now-a-days arrived in Liverpool.

They had many friends to see, and the tardiness of the law and lawyers being proverbial, especially so where the settlement of a bequeathed estate is concerned, it was impossible for the travellers to return to Canada in time for Christmas, and Frances looked forward with delight to spending it in England. Many of her castles had been realized ; she had stayed in fine old Halls, had visited the red-shawled curtseying old women in the picturesque red-tiled cottages, assisted at the school treats where chubby faced urchins were regaled with bread-and-butter and currant-loaf ; smiled back at the grinning country lads she met in the lanes as they touched their caps to the bright Canadian lady. She had listened with charmed ears to sense-satisfying oratories, explored ruins, wandered about many an historic spot, and written volumes on foreign note-paper to be read by the firelight in the log house.

The winter was a mild one, and the Christmas at Bournemouth with their friends there was a great contrast to the last. The town is built on the summit of one of the many chines or valleys which indent the south coast, with the sea between it and the shores

of the Isle of Wight and the grey rocks of Swanage. A few good houses, and the cottages clustered round the post-office or on the estates of the landed proprietors, were all which at that time represented the fashionable winter resort of to-day.

Frances was never weary of watching the sea, its changing moods, its smiles and frowns, and was always ready to take long walks along the cliffs or to sit in some sheltered nook to watch and dream.

The sea air made her sleepy and disinclined to early rising. On the morning of Christmas eve she overslept herself, being roused only when the clang of the breakfast gong was resounding through the house.

Jumping up she dressed herself in haste, wondering why the entrance of the maid had not wakened her. It was so annoying to have to go in late for breakfast, so discourteous when a guest of the house.

Hurriedly turning over the contents of a drawer in her search for some trifling adjunct to her dress, Frances knocked down a little box in which some of her small treasures were kept. The fall loosened the fastening and scattered the contents. Stooping to replace them the first thing her fingers touched was a dry, faded spray of berried winter-green.

With an involuntary sense of foreboding fear, a fore-shadowing of trouble, she put it away and went down stairs.

Her apologies for late appearance were cut short by exclamations upon her white face. In vain she assured

grey rocks
ses, and the
post-office
ed proprie-
ime repre-
nter resort

of watch-
hoods, its
as always
along the
ered nook

leepy and
On the
she over-
only when
gong was
e.

herself in
trance of
d her. It
go in late
us when a

e contents
for some
s, Frances
in which
were kept.
ening and
ing to re-
er fingers
spray of

e of fore-
rowing of
and went

pearance
ons upon
e assured

her friends that she was quite well,—only ashamed of having overslept herself; that there was nothing the matter; she had to listen patiently to the repetition of kindly remedies and suggestions of the best thing for her to do, and make an effort to shake off the nameless fear the sight of the dried flower had excited. But though she succeeded outwardly, the words of their silly compact made over its fresh green leaves seemed to ring in her ears in a refrain that refused to be silenced.

Pleading weariness as an excuse for not accompanying her friends in a drive to Christchurch, Frances wrapped herself in a fur cloak and went out into the sunshine on the cliffs, hoping to drive away her gloomy forebodings in the companionship of the sea. The day was unusually warm, though a low bank of cloud above the distant horizon gave promise of more wind later.

Finding a seat Frances tried to read, and in the sorrows of the heroine of her novel forgot her fears; but a spirit of unrest seemed to take possession of her, and when Percy Charlton went in search of her she had wandered along the cliff almost to Branksome Chine.

The Eton boy's admiration for his Canadian cousin was the subject of much amusement in the house; and though he cared little for the chaff which assailed him when he made lame excuses for not joining the driving party, he was too shy to follow Frances until it was nearly time to bring her home to lunch.

"What a stupid boy you were not

to go with the others," Frances said as he joined her. Then, with another effort to shake off the dull thoughts which oppressed her, she added, "Let us climb up there to that sheltered nook; we shall be out of the wind, and yet have a glimpse of the sun on the sea."

Percy gave her his hand and they soon reached the spot. Frances seated herself on the higher level, the boy on a slightly lower ledge at her feet, and the girl, still wishing to please him in return for the pleasure he had denied himself in the drive to Christchurch, exerted herself to talk, telling him of life in Canada; of the long paddles from lake to lake in the light keelless canoes; the excitement of running the rapids in such tiny craft, or of rushing the slides on cribs of great timber, which felt like chips in the grasp of the swift flowing water; of the camping parties; the shooting and fishing; the merry sleigh drives, the charm of the keen, invigorating frosty air and sunny skies; the jingle of the sleigh bells, the "scrunch" of the frozen snow under mocassined feet; the miles of ice to skate over; the ice boats and the delight of coasting down the steep hill sides; the long tramps on snowshoes, and the merry parties by the great log fires in the winter.

Suddenly her voice ceased in a sharp yet choking cry, and Percy, looking up in surprise, was startled by the expression of horror on the girl's face. Her eyes were fixed and staring, her lips parted as if the cry, just uttered, had paralyzed them, her hands were clasped in a convulsive grasp about her knees.

The wind had risen and was blowing the sea into short, chopping waves, driving the bank of cloud in black fragments across the sky, throwing uncertain shadows as they passed.

Percy followed the direction of her eyes but could see nothing, no cause for her terror.

"What is it, Frances? What do you see?" he asked.

The girl's breath seemed to come in short, spasmotic gasps, as she whispered, "There, there! Don't you see him?" and leaning forward she grasped the boy's arm with clinging, nervous fingers, the intensity of her gaze and the dread in her voice increasing. "There, on the ice! He can't cross. It is giving way!—Oh my God, he is gone!" Her fingers relaxed their hold on Percy's arm, and shuddering, she sank back against the cliff. Percy was terribly frightened, yet blink his eyes as he might, he could see nothing but the angry sea, the grey rocks of Swanage and the great boulders that dotted the shore at the foot of the Chine. He was frightened and did not like it. Frances' terror had affected him; yet he could see no cause for it, and he felt cross at being made a fool of.

"There's nothing to see, Frances, to make such a rumpus about," he said roughly, yet kindly; "There is no one there! You are dreaming."

"Oh no, I am not, I saw him!" said

the girl, in broken-hearted tones. "He was crossing the river, and—and—he went down. He was all alone. He said he would come and—this morning, —I might have known it would be soon."

Feeling helpless and miserable Percy sat silent. He did not know what to do, and could only wait—wretched as that waiting was—beside the shrinking, grief-stricken girl. She did not weep or moan; but the death-like stillness of the crouching figure was more eloquent of grief than either. Whatever she had seen or fancied, it had paralyzed her.

Minutes passed which seemed like hours to the boy, yet Frances did not recover. He could bear it no longer. Putting his arms around her, he murmured something about home; and Frances, yielding as one in a dream and leaning heavily on his arm, let him take her back to the house.

* * * * *

There was bitter sorrow that day in the clearing on the far off Canadian home. While crossing the river on the ice, rotten and honey-combed by the unusually early thaw and heavy rains, Edward Heriot had gone down.

When, many days afterwards, his body was found, the foot half drawn from the heavy boot told how hard he had been struggling for life; yet he had kept his promise, and warned Frances of his fate.



ones. "He
l—and—he
alone. He
is morning,
would be

miserable
not know
only wait—
was—beside
a girl. She
the death-
hing figure
than either.
fancied, it

seemed like
ces did not
no longer.
er, he mur-
home; and
in a dream
arm, let him

that day in
f Canadian
the river on
combed by
and heavy
gone down.
rwards, his
half drawn
how hard he
ife; yet he
nd warned

MARGET: A NEW YEAR'S MEMORY.

BY FAITH FENTON.

NEW YEAR'S Eve is always a quiet time in our home since Marget died. Marget was our servant; her real name of course was Margaret, but she abbreviated it in such a fashion, and we did likewise. Saint Margaret she is to us now; placed above all others in our household calendar, for she suffered love's crucial test in laying down her life for our sakes. I'll tell you the story if you care to hear it, but my words will be simple and few. When a man feels most he can say least; and the thought of that New Year's Eve brings a queer shaky feeling to my throat.

Marget had only lived with us a year. Where my wife picked her up I neither know nor asked. There was a confidence between them that none other in the house shared; and though I surmised that one woman strong in her purity was holding helping hands to one who had tripped, I had confidence in my wife's judgment and made no enquiries.

Margaret was a young woman, although prematurely aged in appearance; over twenty-five years of age perhaps, but hardly touching the third decade. She had plain, strong features, hair of a nondescript color, and gray eyes, small but bright; a chunky figure, and hands whose shapeliness rough household labor was unable to spoil.

"Marget is proud of her hands," the children would say; and she would smile without contradicting them.

With the adults of the household she was always grave, meeting the kindest advances most soberly; but with the children she was altogether charming,—quick, bright, tender, and full of quaint little drolleries of speech and action that revealed the naturally merry nature beneath.

My wife and I would pause frequently in our conversation to listen to her whimsical utterances, as she moved about the kitchen with the children dodging her footsteps. Sometimes we heard a little laugh, pathetic in its brevity, when the perpetual "why" of childhood taxed her inventive genius. She was rarely at a loss for some half-witty, half-fanciful, response to such questionings; and it seemed as though her keen sense of humor found its only outlet thus.

She was happiest with the children around her. In their absence her face resumed its melancholy, and her words were few. She had been with us only a year, I said, and yet I trusted her fully. She was devoted to my wife and tender to all the children; but her best love was given to little Jack, our two-year-old baby. Even on her busiest days she managed to keep him in sight; pausing as she passed

to and fro to touch caressingly the boy's dark curls, or catch the chubby hand and hold it to her lips ; while his lightest cry would bring her to his side, a sure comforter. She made no open display of her preference, in fact, seemed rather to avoid any reference to it ; but it was, as my wife remarked, "when Marget looks at Jack, her face grows beautiful."

It was five years ago to-day, and we were living at the time in a queer old octagon house, the parsonage of the little Methodist chapel a quarter of a mile away. It was a rough-cast building ; a great rambling, oddly planned place, with rooms big and little, whose walls intersected at every possible angle, save a right angle. The children revelled in it, especially in the tiny triangular rooms cut from the larger apartments. To them the house suggested endless games of *Puss in the Corner*; to me it was a geometric nightmare, in which walls, ceilings, and floor kept carnival.

I often wondered what induced the quiet little body of people, with their small unpretentious church, to purchase such a great ghostly place for a parsonage, and one day ventured to question my head deacon.

"We bought it dead cheap, and there's a good deal of it for the money. The man that built it was a little tetchy in his head. When he died, we made the first offer and got the place, as his wife was a member in good an' reg'lar standin'." So he answered; and having had experience in the peculiarities of country churches, I

accepted the explanation and questioned no further.

It was a charming place in summertime with its lawn and lovely old-fashioned garden, where fragrance ran riot and fruit trees hung sweet and mellow. But when cold winds presaged winter's approach, we were glad to double-sash doors and windows, to close up half of the many-cornered rooms, and make a nest for ourselves in the sunny south portion.

The winter had set in unusually early that year. Throughout December the sleighing had been constant. The river that skirted our little town was bound in icy fastness. For three days after Christmas the snow fell thickly, softly, steadily transforming the ugliest bits of architecture into marble graces, and heaping the high rail fences in ridges of velvet whiteness. In the silence and seclusion we seemed a buried town of olden time, whose colonnaded marbles were freshly unearthed to the light of modern day. But at last the heavy snow-clouds were scattered by the north wind, and a season of keen and icy cold followed.

The last day of the year had come and we had found it necessary to break our comfortable bonds of warmth and ease and Christmas cheer in order to accomplish some shopping ; for we kept open house on New Year's day, and the parsonage was big enough to welcome a church membership twice as large.

Well wrapped and prepared for our long tramp through the snow,—for we lived two miles from the town centre,—

and ques-
in summer-
lovely old-
grance ran
sweet and
winds pre-
e were glad
windows, to
ny-cornered
or ourselves

unusually
out Decem-
in constant
little town

For three
snow fell
transforming
lecture into
the high
velvet white
seclusion we
golden time,
were fresh-
of modern
heavy snow-
the north
en and icy

had come
ary to break
warmth and
in order to
g ; for we
Year's day,
enough to
rship twice

red for our
ow,—for we
wn centre,—

we bade the children good-bye, and left them, with their rosy faces pressed against the panes, looking after us. Our last look, as we turned out at the gate, showed us Marget standing in the background, with her arm round little Jack. What happened afterward I can only tell you in as far as I gathered the facts from the children's frightened version ; the exact truth we shall never know.

The dining room had a sunny southern bow window overlooking the great wintry-clad garden. The room above I used as a study. These two apartments were the cosiest in the house and were our chief living rooms. The dining room was heated by a large, old-fashioned box stove, and the pipe ran through the room above, turning into the upper hall thence into the chimney. Leaving the two elder children in the lower room with their playthings, and taking little Jack with her, Marget retired to her kitchen labors, moving busily about while the child contentedly followed her.

"She comded in sometimes to see if Amy and me was good," said my eldest boy afterwards in telling the story ; "and we was ; and then Jack fell asleep and Marget carried him up to the study, 'cos it was warm, and laid him on your sofa with a big shawl over him. Then she letted Amy and me come into the kitchen to make pies. We made pies for a long time. Then we smelled smoke, and we looked into the dining room, but there wasnt nothing there. And pretty soon we smelled more smoke, and Marget ran up-stairs, and we ran after her, and

there was lots of flames all round the study door and round the banister. Marget told us to run down and out into the street, and we wouldn't ; so she just put her two hands together for a minute, then catched us up and carried us down, and runned out with us through the garden into the street, and left us there while she runned back."

A woman with three helpless little children in a house nearly a quarter of a mile from any other, standing far back from the road and partly hidden by trees ; the house old, dry and draughty ; the day bitter cold ; the wind almost a gale ; a defective flue, plenty of woodwork for stray sparks to feed upon and an hour to gain headway ;—can you picture the situation ?

We had finished our shopping and were a mile from the town's centre on our homeward way, burdened with parcels and chatting cheerily of the New Year and its prospects. Passing a few acres of fragrant cedar bush, we came out upon the cleared roadway, and looked across the fields to where our home stood like a great white temple in its snowy grounds. Even as our glance rested lightly upon it, a dark, cloudy mass rose above its roof and rolled skyward in waving, curling columns, to be succeeded by others blacker and more dense. A cold grip caught my heart, and for one instant stilled its beating. Then a great throb sent the blood surging through my body, and with one brief look into the terror-stricken face beside me, I tore down the road, hearing quick panting breaths as my wife struggled on behind

me. It seemed an hour before I reached the little garden, though it was probably only five minutes.

A crowd had gathered; there was confusion and shouting, and through the keen air came the distant sound of the town alarm bell. I remembered it all afterwards, but then I heard nothing but the ominous crackle of burning wood, the roar of wind and flame,—saw nothing save two little figures running toward me with outstretched arms, and shivering with cold and excitement.

“Jack,—Marget?” I questioned almost fiercely.

“Jack’s asleep and Marget runned back for him.”

I pushed them aside and ran up the path, my ears filled with the flame’s roaring, all life suspended in me save that which bound me to my pretty curly-haired baby.

I flung myself through the small crowd who stood helplessly looking on, and rushed into the lower hall crying “Jack; Jack!”

The staircase was a mass of flame.

Some one touched me with firm restraint.

“Come round to the south, pastor; the fire ain’t got there yet, and we’ve sent for a ladder.”

The fire had reached it, even as he spoke. The flames, like fiery tongues, were licking the lower window casement, while within the room burned the deadly glow. At the upper window stood Marget. Her face was pale, and the yellow light behind her gave it a peculiar gleam. One arm hung loosely by her side, and the other

held our little boy still sleeping or else in a stupor. She spoke, but the roar of the wind and flame prevented us hearing her words. The awful glow in the background grew brighter.

“Marget; Marget!”

It was my wife’s voice, as she threw up those mother arms in wild appeal. Marget heard, and a strange little smile answered the cry. Half turning from the window she laid the child against her breast, and disengaging one arm threw down my great Scotch plaid,—as soft and thick as any blanket. Then, with a glance at the flames so close about her, and with a marvelous inspiration of muscular strength, she held out the sleeping child.

In an instant the men about me interpreted her movement, and the soft, thick plaid was held by firm hands. Leaning out as far as she dared, with a steady iron-nerved hand she threw the fat little fellow into the very centre of the blanket that slipped from the men’s grasp into the soft snow. A cheer broke from the crowd as my wife sank on her knees beside the child. Marget heard the cheer and smiled again.

The flames were very near her now; their scorching breath played about her cheek and lifted the tresses of her hair. “That ladder will come too late,” groaned someone beside me.

A crash of a falling wall sent the crowd backward, and with a shower of sparks the fire shot forward for its prey. In an instant Marget had sprung upon the window sill, and with one brief look skyward leaped from

ping or else
ut the roar
revented us
awful glow
y brighter.

s she threw
wild appeal.
range little
half turning
the child
engaging one
reat Scotch
any blanket.
e flames so
marvelous
strength, she

about me
it, and the
eld by firm
far as she
nerved h ad
ow into the
that slipped
to the soft
o the crowd
nees beside
the cheer and

ar her now;
ed about her
of her hair.
too late,"

ll sent the
a shower of
ard for its
Marget had
l, and with
eaped from

the burning mass, while the flames
reached fiercely out behind her.

She lay motionless on the hard
packed snow-ridge where she had
fallen, the white face up-turned, one
arm,—burned so terribly as we now
saw,—thrown out upon the white bank.

We lifted the still form reverently,
and carried it to a neighbor's house.
She opened her eyes as we laid her
upon the bed, then closed them again;
while with hearts too full for speech
we waited the doctor's verdict.

"Internal injuries; severe shock to
the system; she will last a few hours,"
was the brief medical utterance.

I shall never forget the vigil we kept
on that New Year's eve.

Marget recovered consciousness very
soon, and lay smiling in the face of
those about her.

"Marget;" my wife said, bending
over her; "Oh my dear, do you know
that your troubles are nearly over!"

"Yes," she answered in a low, clear
voice. "How strange it is to die like
this;—no pain, only a great quietness."
Then with a faint little laugh she
glanced at the one hand, rough and
hardened but shapely still, that lay
like a brown-veined leaf upon the
coverlet. "It will grow white and soft
soon—up there," she said. Presently
she asked for Jack, and we brought
him in and laid him beside her. She

stroked his dark curls, and he patted
her cheek with his chubby hand.

"I shall see my own little Jack
soon?" Very slowly and faintly she
spoke, looking at my wife.

"Yes, Marget, you'll see him first,"
she answered.

The afternoon light grew dim; the
early setting sun drifted a few golden
bars across the white quilt. No sound
broke the room's deep silence, for our
grief was hushed before that peaceful
face.

"I have atoned;—I am glad."

The words came in little pauses, and
the voice was very low. The eyelids
drooped wearily over the grey eyes;
and presently, with a faint "good
night" and a quivering sigh, Marget
passed away.

We buried her in the quiet church-
yard; and every summer we take the
children on a little journey to visit
Marget's grave. A plain tablet of grey-
veined marble marks the spot, and the
inscription is simply: Marget, New
Year's Eve, 1890; Luke viii., 47. My
wife would have it so, and she knew
best.

That is why we spend New Year's
eve so quietly. And with the passing
of the year our hearts turn in tender
memory to the brave girl whom we
still call "Our Marget."

PHOBIA IN CRESCENDO.

BY K. M. LIZARS.

THREE are two questions which guard the portals of the mystery of Life—whence, and whither. We are instructed in this or that science, we are told of the germ plasma and inherited tendencies, we see that a little learning is dangerous and more may drive men mad, and we continue to find that all explanations no more explain life than the strings of the fiddle constitute music. Pilgrims still seek the Holy Grail ; some aver they have found it, others behold it beyond the haze as did Sir Noel Paton's Knight ; while still others, describing the fourth dimension to suit their own conception, assert that they have dipped from the dish or that it is a myth.

The sympathy of religions is of more worth than the antagonism of religions ; but when the sects attempt fusion there is an accession of mania between Protestant and Roman. The Conference held at Grindelwald was conducted on a long-thought-out plan, the expression of opinion was expected to be candid, but—how much has the "universal church" advanced by the meeting held in any year since the idea of fusion took form. The witty Scottish divine who represented the Established Church, writes, at the conclusion of the last Congress, "the vision splendid of the Reunion of Christendom floats away, like a cloud

crossing the summit of the Jung Frau, and leaves not a rack behind, except discarded notes of speeches and of tourist tickets." There were some zealous Protestants at home whose anti-papal prejudices discovered an irritant poison in the Grindelwald Congress, and the sectarian self-isolation, the ecclesiastical provincialism, of many sects received an airing. We learn that "whatever the results of the Reunion discussions upon the unification of the churches, there can be no doubt that, like the British hunting field, they have served the purpose of bringing people together who would be little likely to meet anywhere else. There is no ecclesiastical arena in Britain within which Scots Moderators, Anglicans, English Nonconformists of every type, would hob-nob as they did there ; and where, without a single explosion of sectarian fury, they could utter and argue in the Parish Kirk of Grindelwald. Perhaps there was just a trifle too much of the anxious courtesy and sensitive forbearance, which seem to argue the consciousness of *ignes suppositi* in the immediate neighborhood." On certain points one or two Anglican sympathisers gave faint applause, "though too nervous to break the irresponsive silence." When Mr. John Morley was quoted by an enthusiastic Anti-English Nonconfor-

the Jung Frau, behind, except speeches and of were some home whose discovered an Grindelwaldian self-isolationism, of airing. We results of the in the unification can be no British hunting the purpose of who would anywhere else. arena in Bri-

Moderators, conformists of as they did not a single example, they could parish Kirk of there was just anxious courage, which consciousness of immediate neighbour points one or others gave faint nervous to "dreadence." When quoted by an Nonconfor-

mist as having avowed it the aim of his life to induce the British public to turn its back on Christianity, Mr. Price Hughes could not refrain from setting the matter right, quoting what he believed to be Mr. Morley's actual words of non-hostility, and evidently, as he thought, paying a very high compliment to Christianity. The Conference came and went like a summer holiday,—a few pleasant jests interchanged, some statistics transferred from the note books of the gatherers to those of the hearers, a few jealousies embittered, and the sects remain as they were.

There is, however, the lesson of diminuendo in vituperation in the Protestant fold. When Luther and Calvin indulged in a war of words which would now entitle them to be bound over to keep the peace; when Milton and Dr. South each exhausted his wonderful vocabulary of invective; when Charles Wesley was designated by Rowland Hill and Toplady as a silly jackdaw, a miscreant apostate, full of mean, malicious impotence, it is reassuring for the world to know that Protestant denominations now can meet, discuss, and separate, without the air going ablaze. The burning of the new-got gold of fable in the pockets till it was cast forth into circulation, was as nothing to the combustive properties of new-found truth. That "steadfast friendly being, a fine old Christian," was not as a matter of course friendly. Some forty years ago scientists of the day regarded the Christian controversy as relegated to the region of dead lumber, and we have

Emerson saying that theological fusion is merely a matter of digestion. He knew a witty physician who found theology in the biliary duct, and who affirmed that if there was a disease in the liver a man became a Calvinist, but that if the organ remained sound he became a Unitarian. As Emerson considered men's prayers a disease of the will and their creeds a disease of the intellect, he cannot be quoted, in spite of himself, as an advocate of religious fusion.

At the Great Fair in Chicago, a prominent representative of Eastern thought made complaint that his mission was a bootless one,—in addition to phobia born of piety he had to contend with phobia born of ignorance. Schooled in all forms of belief, from the Avesta-Zend and the tenets of the Perfect Sage down to Christianity, and a faithful follower in the universal brotherhood of Buddhism, this Eastern ambassador to the Council of Brotherly Love had to return even as he came. The application of Ruskin's "gas-lighted, gas-inspired Christianity," draws attention to the old and new lamps which were set in a row, some burners of which have been trimmed.

National and political animosities closely mingle with religious unbrotherliness, the disease, in spite of variations, remaining the same. When Copyright and the Canadian Flag are thrown about, blown hither and thither by the breath of hot words; when the fiery breathings of a colonial military man are published in pamphlet form, falling as soundest of loyal utterances on the understandings of his admirers; when

a prominent Conservative is heard to say that nothing but the fear of the law can keep a Reformer from theft; when a Reformer, the type of his following, states that what is deplored as the lack of colonial solidarity is the result of flagrant corruption, moral and political dishonesty, of those in high places; when divines score women, the Old Woman a little and the New Woman utterly, giving press publicity to emotional sermons concocted for local hearers; when a colonial, more rabid than the Englishman he loves, says that a British yacht dare not win the great Anglo-American race because she would be scuttled if she did; it must be true that the phobia-pot is uncorked, and the aroma therefrom is much like that of the ointment of the biblical apothecary. Journalism lends itself as readily to the conveyance of mania as it does to giving publicity to theories on the fusion of religions; and books have become such deadly missiles, the writing of them so often little but an expression of phobia, that it is not safe to accept them as the common ground on which the interested may meet. Straight-backed Sarah Battle, after a long bout with the most serious business of life—whist—unbent her fine last-century countenance and her mind over a book; as her next game was due so soon she probably chose a volume which could be tasted or chewed, not swallowed. Good Sarah was not critical, which was well. Originality is an impossibility to any but a St. Simeon who lives so high on his pole that the thoughts of others cannot reach him.

After the manner of old Burton, the utterances of most people are but the stringings of the utterances of others,—a species of literary amalgam. What has been shall be, and theatre-checks and patty-pans are dug from Pompeii.

An essay written one hundred years ago on the Rights of Literary Property would not come amiss in quotation to day, helping, perhaps, to prove a point for Canada. Canadian literature as thus far developed is little better than a tramp,—without any money, and no visible means of support. In present effort after striking titles, something on covers to attract the glance and open the pocket of a possible purchaser, the superlative in this is no doubt, and so analyzed by scientists, a disease; but in spite of today's degeneracy it is good to know that symptoms of the same broke out as early as 1661, when one Robert Lovell launched a work entitled "Panzoologiconmineralogia; a complete history of animals and minerals, contains the summe of all authors, Galenical and Chymicall, with the anatomie of man, &c." What branch the *etcetera* covers, Mr. Lovell's historian omits to state. When we hear that the title to property in a book is in exact ratio to the claimant's powers of understanding and appreciating the same the ownership of either writer or reader of the foregoing may be disputed. In fact, there is little chance to argue with Ruskin in any case, when he says, "Sir, you cannot think over *anything* in any number of years. You haven't the head to do it."

Burton, the
are but the
ces of others,
y amalgam.
and theatre-
re dug from
hundred years
erary Property
quotation to
prove a point
literature as
e better than
oney, and no
t. In present
es, something
e glance and
possible pur-
in this is no
y scientists, a
f today's de-
to know that
broke out as
Robert Lovell
l "Panzoolog-
ete history of
contains the
Galenical and
omic of man,
teetera covers,
mits to state.
tle to property
ratio to the
understanding
the owner-
reader of the
ted. In fact,
o argue with
n he says, "Sir,
ything in any
haven't the

Thirst for knowledge was great enough to make men "yield cheerfully to destiny and read since it was written," the collecting mania breaking out early. A secondary literary wonder of the sixteenth century was a library of two thousand volumes, when readers were glad enough to perpetrate the "filthy and foolish" act of "thumbing other's books," while the rummagers deplored the destruction of a library of thirty thousand volumes in Hungary. In later times old Nunn, of Great Queen Street, was a confirmed rummager, not above an occasional abstraction from friendly shelves, his capacious pockets being able to turn out at one time not less than four-and-twenty large octavo volumes. Sir Richard Phillips did a good deed when he reduced the price of books; but the first booksellers, the stationarii at the Universities of Paris and Bologna who lent and sold MSS., little knew what result would develop from their business methods. Alex. Hogg, "the King of Puffers," did a questionable good when he introduced the serial, exhausting his knowledge of superlatives to find expression for the "beauty, elegance, and magnificence" of his editions. With him began that since common practice of rechristening and somewhat metamorphosing a dull book to revivify it. In 1816 it took three men, by handwork, to manufacture four thousand sheets of small paper per day. In 1896 of making books there may be no end; but it is improbable even that year will furnish the equivalent of prolific old John Day, "one of the dyuerse excellent

learned men, expert in tonges," who had his fame in the sixteenth century. This remarkable man introduced to the world no less than two hundred and forty-five books and twenty-seven children. Economists shew us that in these degenerate days we lose in children what we gain in letters.

The playful foibles of literary men, in some forms, are extinct, no Johnson now being able to knock his printer down and step on his neck, "because Sir, he was impertinent to me and I beat him;" but literary vanity has through all the years been soul-satisfying to the possessor of the humor,—even at second-hand. Constable gave expression to one of the greatest joys of his life when he stalked up and down, front well out, exclaiming, "By Jove, I am all but author of the *Waverly Novels*." Interchange of ideas with Sir Walter developed in him an acute attack of the enlarged head which has not ceased to affect semi-authors from time to time.

Purveyors, booksellers, writers and critics, have so led us on, step by step, the public has been fed on such strong meat, that a daily large addition of curry-powder is demanded to be added to the mess. A dip into the pages of Lamb or Hardy afterwards is as whole-wheaten-bread to the irritated palate, while we elsewhere read that it is found "in every lunatic and imbecile the conviction that the rational minds who discern and judge him are blockheads."

Will the author yet come forward to dissect, confute, and mayhap bury Nordau?

He has "fared forth into the fields to fight and fell" fools; and by his own computation he has found aplenty. Another slayer has described the painfullest feeling as that of your own feebleness; but Nordau has no sense of lack of his own power and he leaves us few "Great Men" to look upon as "the inspired texts of that Divine Book of Revelations." He has so buffeted with hard words the "congregations of idiots" which infest "this paltry little dog-cage of an earth," that while we read his deliverances we wonder if there are enough great minds left in the ranks of the Thinkers to save us. Carlyle implores the world to be a World,—even a Worldkin; "our wilderness is the wide waste of an atheistic century," Teufelsdrockh interpreting the forty years in his own fashion. When Nordau picks up the fabric, atom by atom, only to throw the whole down with contempt, one goes back to the Clothes Philosopher to know if the Maker took him into His counsel, that he might read his groundplan of the incomprehensible All. Would he know "a mankind by stringing together beadrolls of what are named facts?"

Epictetus thought that the beginning of philosophy was the observation of how men contradict each other, and when it is seen that Ruskin measures a man's culture by his knowledge of Shakespeare, and that Maeterlinck is compared to Shakespeare by, doubtless, those poor imbeciles who form part of "the great fools-fair of the present time," other poor imbeciles must find themselves in bad case when

the teacher who exhorts in no uncertain tone, complains of Maeterlinck's graphomaniacal muddle, dismissing his style as capable of no parody as it has already reached the extreme limits of idiocy in poems that are deaf, jolting, and limping as the items of an inventory, the "mad Maeterlinck being but a servile imitator of the crazy Walt Whitman," "who has been designated by an American driveller as the Good Gray Poet." Rather, the Good Gray Poet was "a sycophant of the corrupt American vote-buying, official-bribing, power-abusing dollar-democracy, and a cringer to the most arrogant Yankee conceit." Fortunately Whitman can have done but little damage, as "whenever he rants," (which appears to be always), "his expressions contain no sense at all."

When Nordau turns from American sins to the emptiness of various French schools he is as humourous as ever, although to do him justice it must be believed that humour is not in his intention. "The French encyclopaedists who held undisputed sway over the eighteenth century, failed, for one thing, because they looked upon man as an intellectual being. * * The logical apparatus is a machine and can manufacture only the material shot into it. If the machine is not fed it runs on empty and makes a noise, but produces nothing." When he criticizes Holman Hunt he proclaims his own blindness, and were he to attack the allegory of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde there is no doubt as to what the verdict would be,—one man cannot be two men, and there's an end on't.

The use of great guns in knocking down ninepins has been brought to the highest pitch of science, and Nordau wheels at will upon his pivot.

While he tells us in a wearisome repetition that the powers of abuse are not yet exhausted, it soothes the ruffled "common fool" to know there is Bacon to back the common one in thinking iterations are loss of time ; and while Nordau demonstrates that religion, superstition, faith, call it what you will, has given way to a form of science which leaves no room for religion, Kidd mildly puts forth that the most distinctive feature of human evolution is that the race must ever grow more and more religious. It has been said that religion is the crown and consummation of philosophy ; George Eliot, who was no fool, decided that the first requisite for human happiness was something to love and the second something to reverence ; we hear that thought without reverence is barren, even poisonous ; while Leslie Stephen asserts that as man knows nothing of the Infinite and Absolute, knowing nothing he had better not be dogmatic about his ignorance. Bacon would rather believe all fables than that this universal frame is without a mind, and Nordau catalogues his specimens as "born imbecile criminals and simpletons drunk with sonorous words." Carlyle might not have been too pleased to find himself so nearly agreeing with the latest teacher : "What nobler work than planting foreign Thought into the barren domestic soil ; except, indeed, planting Thought of your own, which the fewest are privileged to do."

Each new truth peddler proves his predecessor a charlatan. Ruskin, fit to be blindly followed in many paths by the student of language, surely penned more than one rabid dictum, shewing himself in the eyes of some others to be a unit in the many millions of "fools" at whom Nordau is so busy throwing stones with both hands ; and he is described by this latter-day prophet as one who "would lifest burn alive the critic who disagrees with him," possessed by "ungovernable irascibility."

As a sample of intemperance there is the conversation, monologue rather, hurled by Carlyle at an American acquaintance in 1867. "People wrote too much and talked too much, and it was time they stopped both writing and talking. All bosh and lies. It was not worth while to be so constantly repeating (!) even about what was true. The talk of Modern Parliaments especially was a stench in the nostrils of gods and men. * * The modern civilization of the United States was all glare and gas, and gab and lies. America seemed to be the advance guard of the nations going to perdition, and England was following close behind ; a gloomy procession. * * No one could lament more than himself his excessive use of superlatives. But it was a vicious age, and we tolerated things which ought not to be until we were stunned by mere noise, everybody striving to howl loudest. It was time to shut up ; no one knew anything."

For a disciple of silence, he drew breath but seldom in the delivery of his Commination Service.

These reconstructors of the universe who wash the world into nothingness with their tidal wave of invective, at least furnish an antidote to the "platitudes luscious and limp" which else would "en-jelly" us from the shibboleth of the petty babbler who, with flaccid tongue, delivers himself on the emancipation of the mind and kindred subjects of which he has no knowledge. "The head has not many mansions in it, nor spacious," says a humble man of letters; "and we have been obliged to fill it with such cabinet curiosities as it can hold without aching; the intellectual wardrobe has few whole pieces in it." The meliorist may be called a trimmer, but at least he keeps his balance better than do the men at the ends, until he develops into that rabid thing, the avowedly tolerant person, who will not tolerate the intolerance of the intolerant, having less toleration than the prophet professing righteous intolerance.

From Nordau we look at Flammari-

on, and, again back, we find a "work entitled *A Juste Reckenyng, or Accompte of the Number of the Years, from the Beginnyng of the Worlde unto the present yeaire of 1547*; a Certain and Sure Declaracion that the Worlde is at an Ende." In a corresponding lapse of time Nordau may have been proved as true a prophet.

"The thousand voiced question goes up, and a fool or knave suddenly arises to furnish the answer." Has Nordau out of his own mouth himself condemned? Peradventure yet another knave or blockhead will arise to deliver the world from this last yoke, imposed on the Lowest Circle of Hearers by the Chief of the Elect. Where the iron shews signs of cooling, he has adopted the Cromwellian procedure of striking until it is *hot enough*.

DEGENERATION is possibly not built for eternity, and some of Wagner's works may live with the world when those of the Destructionist have followed his bones in dust.



nd a "work
nge, or Ac-
the Years,
he Worlde
547 ; a Cer-
on that the
In a corres-
ordau may
prophet.
question goes
ldenly arises
Has Nordau
himself con-
yet another
arise to de-
s last yoke,
Circle of
f the Elect.
s of cooling,
wellian pro-
is *hot enough*
bly not built
of Wagner's
world when
st have fol-

THE RICHEST.

The Autumn, in his royal gold and red,
Looked on the race of men, and thus he said—

Hola there—Miser ! What's this you have got
Buried deep down in your garden plot ?
Coin ? I thought so. Come, let us try—
Who is the richer, you or I.
Sovereigns—crowns—in a shining cluster,
Of excellent mintage, untarnished lustre—

Yet hearken ! I'll treble your gold any day
With mine that is shed on the wide highway.

Hola there—Emperor ? What have you hid
Under that carved and oaken lid ?
Jewels ? I thought so. A splendid show
Of pearls that glitter and rubies that glow.
Emeralds—opals—in rich profusion
I grant you, but flee the fond delusion
That yours are the brightest gems that shine ;
I'll match them here in my forest shrine !

Hola there—Beauty ! What's this you caress ?
Of your amber hair a gleaming tress ?
Rare ? I should think so. What will you do
When it loses its length and glorious hue ?
Ringlet—and braid—cannot last forever,
Soon, too soon, from your head they must sever.
It is not so with me for—child—evermore
Once a year I renew my yellow store.

Hola there—Bankers—Kings of the earth,
What tragedy now o'ercasts your mirth ?
Fear ? And Panic ? And impotent Rage
Seize you and shake you, once staid and sage ?
Coffers—and vaults—and safes—were rifled,
While on the street, at the play, you trifled ;
I do not pity you—I with my gold
Yearly cast up from the forest mould.

Hola there—Mother? What has she there?
 A small, flat curl of pale yellow hair.
 Her babe's? I thought so. Hush—for I know
 There is nothing dearer that earth can show.
 King—miser—beauty—banker—in tether,
 She is richer than all of you put together,
 Richer than I, for all my gold
 Yearly cast down to the forest mould!

SERANUS.

THE LOYALIST'S DAUGHTER ;
 OR LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF RACHEL WOODRUFFE.

BY AGNES MAULE MACHAR, ("FIDELIS.")

IT is an old, shabby little book ; the edges bent and broken ; the grey marble covers faded and worn ; the contents sometimes undecipherable by reason of the faded ink—sometimes defaced, I fancy, by tears. But to open it is to transport oneself into the life of another century. Through the dimmed and blurred manuscript, true and kindly eyes—long closed on this world—look again into ours ;—loving hearts seem once more to beat with hopes and fears long quiescent in the rest that follows life's fitful fever. Through it we seem to see again the faces of those who first made a foothold in the wilderness for our own people ;—to hear the voices that first made our English tongue familiar in the savage wilds that we now know as fruitful fields ; the voices of those who are to us in Ontario what the brave pioneers of Normandy are to our

French brethren in Quebec. It is well for us to live once more among them for a little space ;—well to remember the toils and sacrifices of those who were led, like Abraham, into the wilderness, to secure for us this goodly Canaan ;—well to share in spirit their struggles and privations, and perchance, to feel thereby that the real life of man is not in the abundance of the things that he possesses, but in the rarer, unpurchasable riches of true hearts and noble lives.

But Rachel Woodruffe shall speak for herself :—

West Farms, Connecticut,
 September 15th, 1775.

My brother Abner came home to-day from his visit to our relatives in Massachusetts, and has brought me this new book for my diary. This was very thoughtful of my dear brother, and indeed I am glad to get it, for

my old book is full, and so I have not been able to write for sometime. And I like to write in my little book. It seems like writing to a friend about the things that interest me most. And I have no friend to write to!

My brother has had much to tell us of all he saw and heard while he was away. The troubles which we thought would soon blow over, are increasing. He says that the late engagement at Bunker Hill has had a great effect in strengthening the rebellion, because the volunteers did their part there so bravely against the King's army. We cannot but grieve when we hear of the numbers of British soldiers killed or wounded in this battle, but neither can I help feeling proud of the courage of our Connecticut men, even though they are, as Daddie says, "Rebels against constituted authority." Pity 'twere not in a better cause!

September 20th. My brother came this evening into the west room, where I sat spinning, and we talked till long after sunset—looking out, the while, on my Daddie's fair green meadows, where the cattle were so quietly grazing—a peaceful scene—so different from the subject of our talk! Abner says he thinks the war will last a good while;—that the rebels are resolved not to lay down their arms till their demands are complied with; and the King and his Ministers are also resolved to punish the rebellion and reduce the rebels to obedience. He has opened his mind to my father, who is quite willing that he should go to fight for the King, though it will be like losing his right hand. And as things

are now in pretty good order for the winter, he intends soon to go to join the British force under General Howe. This is indeed heavy tidings! My dear brother—always so kind to me, and my trusty helper in everything within and without—how can I do without him? And my Daddie,—left in his old age, with his young family around him; and no strong, stalwart son to relieve him of labour and anxiety—what will become of him? "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb"—and we must trust Him!

My brother tells me also that my father's cousin, Amos Brooke, of Boston, favors the rebels, and that his son Roger, whom I well remember when he visited us as a boy, has joined the rebel army. This grieves me much,—for I well remember my cousin,—a fair and goodly boy with bright hazel eyes and long chestnut locks, and dainty frilled shirt and ruffles, who used to play with me when he was here, long ago. Abner says he can talk of nothing but the rebel cause, which he is sure will prevail. He talks of coming to visit us very soon. My brother thinks it is to try to persuade him not to join the British forces. It troubles me much to think of this visit, for my father is so strongly opposed to the rebels, that I fear he and Roger will have little pleasure in their intercourse.

September 21st. This afternoon my brother carried me, in the shay, over to Doctor Chapman's, where we drinked tea. Peter Sheppard was there, and attended closely upon Tryphena, though I think she would have preferred to do without him, when my

brother was there! She looked very well in a dark blue calico, with her hair dressed over a handsome cushion. Some others of our friends came in, and some played, some sang, some danced, and so we spent the time till ten or eleven, when we scattered to our homes. Abner told Tryphena of his intention of joining the British army, at which she seemed much troubled, and no wonder; it is heavy tidings to us all. Dr. Chapman says little, but I am sure he would much prefer that Abner did *not* go.

September 26th. As I was sitting in the south chamber by little Polly, in the moonlight—singing her to sleep—I heard the sound of horse's hoofs without. Looking from the window, I saw a young man dismounting from his horse, and felt sure, in a moment, that it was Cousin Roger. My heart beat with mingled pleasure and dread, for it was painful, after so many years, to meet him again as a rebel against our good King! Presently I heard his cheery voice ringing through the house, as he greeted my father and brother, and then I heard him ask for his “little Cousin Rachel.” But I would not go down till Polly was asleep. Then I smoothed my hair and went down with some trembling, lest I should hear hot words already! But I found my cousin sitting by my father's chair, talking pleasantly about his father and mother and all the old friends of whom my Daddie had heard and seen so little during these past years. He looked at me for a few moments in doubt. Then he said: “Can *this* be my little Cousin Rachel?”

and then he came and took my hand, and would have given me a cousinly salute. But I drew back; at which my Daddie and Abner laughed, and my cousin said that he was not wont to find me so shy, in the old times. Then he asked many questions as to whether I remembered how he used to tease me and hide my doll,—whether I had forgiven him—and so forth. He has a pleasant voice and laugh, as well as a comely face and figure, which last shows well in his blue coat and buff small-clothes. My little brother sat looking up in his face, listening to every word he said, indeed it was long past his bed-time before I could get him to leave Cousin Roger. I got my cousin some supper, of which he was much in need, after his long ride; and then I came up to my chamber. While I write, they are still talking below. I hope my Cousin Roger will say naught to anger or grieve my Daddie. What a pity he should be a rebel!

September 30th. I have not written in my diary for some days. My heart has been much troubled, and is still very heavy. My Daddie and Cousin Roger have had much serious talk, and each is so set in his own opinion, that I often dread lest they should come to some grave misunderstanding! My cousin and I have also had many talks, as we walked in the green meadows by the river and gathered walnuts from the old trees as we used to do long ago. And he has told me many things that surprised me very much—about the wrongs that our people have suffered from King George and his Ministers, and the British

my hand, a cousinly
at which
ighed, and
s not wont
old times.
tions as to
he used to
— whether
forth. He
ugh, as well
which last
t and buff
brother sat
stening to
t was long
could get

I got my
ch he was
ride; and
per. While
g below. I
say naught
lie. What

not written
My heart
nd is still
nd Cousin
s talk, and
r opinion,
ey should
rstanding!
had many
the green
gathered
s we used
s told me
me very
that our
ng George
e British

soldiers, who carry things with such a high hand. He told me how, years ago, when his father lived in Boston, he and the other boys were frequently annoyed by the soldiers who used to destroy their snow-slides, and, when they complained, would call them "young rebels," while the captains only laughed at them. At last they went to the General himself, who asked them if their fathers had been teaching them rebellion, and had sent them to show it. Then Roger and the other boys spoke up, and told how they had been used—without provocation. In the end, the General ordered the slides to be repaired—which, I think, was very handsome of him. When Governor Gage was told of this, he said that it was impossible to beat the notion of liberty out of these people's heads, as it was rooted in them from childhood.

My cousin has explained to me also all about the Stamp Act, which was passed when he was a boy, and why the people so greatly objected to it, and also that the great Mr. Pitt had denounced the measure, and had said in Parliament that he was glad America had resisted it; and how it had been at last repealed. He also told me how, one moonlight night which he should never forget, he had been out during the "Boston Massacre"—when there had arisen some disturbance between the citizens and the soldiers, and Captain Preston made the soldiers fire upon the people, wounding a number of men, and killing four. One of the wounded men, who afterwards died, was a friend of my Cousin Brooke, who has ever since then, been

bitterly opposed to the British Government. I told him that King George could know nothing of these doings, and should not be blamed for the rash and foolish acts of his soldiers. But Cousin Roger says that the King was still determined to compel the people to be taxed without their consent, and that *they* are determined they will not buy the goods that are taxed, but will wear homespun clothes and do without tea, if necessary. And then he told me about the "Boston tea-party"

two years ago—when three hundred and forty chests of good tea were thrown out into the sea—which seems to me a great waste, when tea is so scarce and so dear! Many people, he says, now use only sage-tea, or tea made of raspberry leaves. He thinks there will be much fighting about Boston, before all is over; but he has great confidence in the new General—Washington—who has come to take command of the "Revolutionary Force," as he calls it. On account of the troubled state of the country, my Cousin Brooke purposed to break up his house in Cambridge for the present. My Cousin Leah Woodruffe, who has lived with them ever since she was left an orphan, will then have to come to live with us, which my father has invited her to do. It is long since I have seen her, and we were not great friends when we used to be playmates, for she was not very kind to me, but wanted everything for herself. But now we are both, doubtless, wiser, and it would be a pleasant change to have a companion, who would be like a sister—to whom I could speak about

the children and other things,—as I cannot always do to my Daddie.

October 15th. My Cousin Roger has now been here more than two weeks, and has come to seem like one of the family. He says it is so pleasant to be at West Farms that he cannot bear to think of leaving us, though he must soon do so. And there is no knowing what may happen, or how long it may be before he may see us again. He and I took a long walk this afternoon, under the trees by the river. The scene had the soft pensiveness of autumn,—the robin's plaintive note sounding sweetly over the fields, like a farewell to the summer, with all its delights! Roger told me privately, that the object of his visit had been to prevail on my father to abstain from openly manifesting his sympathy with the Tory party, and to induce my brother not to join the British forces against the people of the Colonies. He says that their cause *must* prevail in the end, and that he and my Cousin Brooke fear that my father will be exposed to much ill-will and perhaps loss of goods, if he is known to take his stand with the Tories. But I know my Daddie would never listen to any such persuasions, though he seems much drawn to Cousin Roger—for though he is one of the quietest of men, he is also one of the most determined, and he esteems King George the best king that ever lived, and thinks it rank disloyalty to resist his will. It grieves him much that my Cousin Roger on the other hand holds the King to be an obstinate tyrant! It seems to me that His Majesty *must* have been ill-

advised in much that he has done.

This morning, at worship, my Daddie read these verses with much earnestness:— * * * “My son, fear thou the Lord and the king, and meddle not with them that are given to change. For their calamity shall come suddenly, and who knoweth the ruin of them both?”

But my Cousin Roger said afterwards, if Solomon's father, David, had not resisted King Saul, Solomon himself would never have been King! I am not wise enough to understand which is right—my Daddie or Roger—or to judge between them.

October 17th. Cousin Roger says he must go tomorrow. He and I sat talking a long time this evening in the south room, with the early moonlight stretching in on the floor, while my Daddie and Abner were talking to a neighbor on business in the next room. Roger told me how grieved he was to go away—and how often he would think of West Farms and his Cousin Rachel; and then he said he would be willing to wait seven years or more, if, at the end of it, he could have her for something more than a cousin! I was much taken by surprise, for I had no idea that he thought of me thus; but I told him that it was of no use to talk of our being anything more than cousins, so long as he *would* be a rebel, for my Daddie would never hear of such a thing! And then I asked him if he could not content himself with Leah,—which made him very angry for a moment. But he soon saw that I did it but to tease him, and he quickly got over his anger, and said that he

has done
my Dad-
much ear-
, fear thou
d meddle
given to
shall come
h the ruin

aid after-
David, had
mon him-
King ! I
understand
or Roger

oger says
and I sat
ing in the
moonlight
while my
king to a
ext room.
he was to
he would
his Cousin
e would be
r more, if,
ve her for
n ! I was
I had no
thus ; but
use to talk
ore than
be a rebel,
r hear of
sked him
self with
ery angry
saw that
he quick-
I that he

must now have the kiss that I would not give him when he came. And indeed, he would take no refusal, and embraced me tenderly, saying that—come what might,—he would never think of any other, but would hold fast to me only, so long as we both should live. And I said the same in my heart, and would fain have said it with my lips, but for the grief it would surely cause to my dear Daddie.

October 25th. It is a week now since Roger left, and it seems a month ; the place seems so lonely without him ! I have not cared to write since he went away, as I do not like to set down sad thoughts. My Daddie came to me yesterday, as I sat alone, spinning, thinking of Roger, and told me that he had had a letter from my Cousin Roger, and that he had told him that he wanted me for his wife. But my Daddie said that though he much liked Roger, for himself, he could never give a child of his to a rebel, and that, if I loved *him*, I must not think of Roger for a husband. I knew beforehand that my Daddie would say this, but still it sounded like a knell to hear him say it. Yet I think I am glad that Roger wrote to him, for it showed that he was in earnest in all that he said to me.

November 4th. My brother Abner is gone at last. I have been very busy making up some linen shirts, and knitting him some socks. I packed them all up for him last night, and combed his long brown hair for the last time. This morning he went away. The parting was too sad for words. He could not speak,—and neither could

we. Gideon and brother Felix went with him in the shay to Hartford. I watched them as long as I could see them through my tears. Now I feel lonely indeed ! My Cousin Roger far away, and now my dear brother gone. The weather is dreary, too—to match my feelings. But then I have my dear Daddie to think of, and to comfort in his troubles. I think he is more troubled about Roger than about brother Abner. For he is sure that the King's cause must prevail, and it is very bitter to him to have rebels in our family !

Jan. 3rd, 1776. The new year has begun, without much rejoicing on our part, for little we know what may happen before the end of it. My Cousin Leah arrived to day. She is very small and neat, with very smooth, light hair, and quick grey eyes that seem to see everything. She is also very neat-handed and capable, and seems anxious to be helpful. She has given us much news of our cousins. I would rather she talked less before my Daddie, for she has so much to say about their devotion to the rebel cause, though she says she knows nothing about such matters, and cares less.

February 17th. Leah and I have been busy all day—carding and spinning wool. As we sat alone in the dusk beside the log fire, she talked to me somewhat strangely about my cousin Roger. I think that she would have me believe that she is betrothed to him ; but I could not believe *that* ! She showed me a little ring that she had from him as a keepsake ;—and I have nothing but a withered flower, that he gave me one day—and the

memory of his loving words. She has made Tryphena Chapman believe that Roger is her sweetheart. But—I know not how it is—I cannot trust my Cousin Leah—though she seems so smooth and friendly. And I am glad I kept my secret about Roger, though she asked me so many questions.

April 16th. A sweet spring day,—the air is balmy; and the lambs are already frisking in the fields. My dear brother has come home for a time, to our great joy,—though he brings sad news to my Daddie. General Howe left Boston last month, and twelve hundred Loyalists went with him. This makes my Daddie very anxious. My brother has leave just now, so that he can sow and plough our fields, which will be a great help to my Daddie. Leah seemed quite pleased to see my brother, and got him a nice supper, while I combed and tied his hair, and got out some nice clean linen for him.

May 4th. My brother went in the shay to Doctor Chapman's, and Leah desired to go with him, so I stayed at home with my Daddie and the children. Leah, when she came home, told me she had got a letter from my Cousin Roger at Doctor Chapman's,—which seemed to please her much. I think it strange that he should not have sent a line or a word to *me*; but perhaps he does not wish Leah to know anything that has passed between us; nor do I wish it. So it is best as it is. Abner says Doctor Chapman tells him that many are now speaking of separating altogether from Great Britain, and making a stand for independence,—which *he* thinks a mad idea. My

father says—if that ever should come to pass,—he would have to leave the country, as he could never consent to live under a rebel flag. Yet I think he is much grieved that the King has sent out an army of German foreigners to fight against men of English blood. He says it was not *thus*, that Englishmen were wont to win their battles in the old times!

August 10th. Doctor Chapman has been here today—to see little Polly, who has been ailing. He has been telling us about the Declaration of Independence which has been signed in Philadelphia, and proclaimed in New York. And he says that, in New York, the statue of King George has been thrown down and trampled in the dust,—so great is the rage of the people against him! This news much grieved my Daddie, who would take no supper, but sat all the evening, with his head leaning on his hand, without speaking. It makes my heart sore to see him thus, for I know he is thinking how he may have to leave our dear home—and my mother's grave! My brother has been permitted to remain with us a long time,—for which I am very thankful. But now he has got the harvest pretty well in, and must prepare to return to his post, especially as General Howe intends soon to lead his men to action in Long Island. My brother went over to bid farewell to Tryphena, and came back rather dispirited, I thought. He thinks Peter Sheppard has set Dr. Chapman greatly against the King, and that he is vexed that Abner *will* fight on that side,—and he says that Tryphena endeavored to per-

ould come
leave the
consent to
et I think
King has
foreigners
lish blood.
t English-
battles in

apman has
ittle Polly,
has been
tion of In-
signed in
d in New
New York,
has been
n the dust,
he people
ch grieved
no supper,
his head
speaking.
see him
ng how he
ome—and
other has
with us a
ery thank-
e harvest
repare to
as General
s men to
y brother
Tryphena,
pirited, I
Sheppard
y against
xed that
—and he
ed to per-

suade him against going. I can see that he leaves us with a sad heart, and we let him go with a sadder! But duty's call we must obey! He says that Mrs. Chapman seems seriously ill. I must go to see her.

August 15th. Abner left us today; Felix went with him to Hartford in the shay, which he drove back alone—very proud of being trusted to do so. My heart sinks to think of my dear brother going again into danger; Roger, too, perhaps. If they should ever be ranged against each other in battle, I think my heart would break! Even now I cannot pray for one side to prevail against the other, and yet I must pray that the war should end!

September 2nd. I met with a great surprise last evening. I was to go to spend the night at Dr. Chapman's, to sit up with Mrs. Chapman, who is very ill, so as to give Tryphena a rest. Gideon took me in the shay to the cross-road, and left me to walk the rest of the way, as he wanted to be back in time to milk the cows. I walked on my way slowly, as it was a warm and lovely evening—the sun setting gorgeously in crimson clouds, just as the full moon arose, large and red. I felt a little frightened—being alone—and did not look up, till I heard a voice I well knew—say softly—"Rachel!" I could scarcely believe that I was not in a dream, when my Cousin Roger sprang down from his horse and came up to me, with such glad eyes, and his brightest smile. I hardly know what we said, but he put me up on his saddle, holding me on it with his strong arm, while he talked of all the things that had hap-

pened since we had bid each other good-by. He looks well and brown from out-door living, and seems even stronger and manlier than last year. He wore epaulettes, and said that he is now *Captain* Brooke. He was riding with despatches from General Washington to General Putnam on Long Island, and had come a little out of his way, in order to leave a letter for me at Dr. Chapman's, not expecting that he would be able to see me. He asked me if I had not got his last letter, and when I mentioned the one Leah had received, he said he had never written to *her*; and that she must have known that the letter was for me—though he had thoughtlessly addressed it to "Mistress Woodruffe," forgetting that was Leah's name also. I can scarcely, however, believe this of Leah, and think she must have managed to deceive herself into thinking the letter was for *her*, as she always seems to think of herself first. He says the ring she showed me is only a pinchbeck one that he bought for her, of a peddler, long ago, because she begged him to do so, and that he had never once thought of loving Leah. And then he said he would willingly serve twice seven years for Rachel! And he took out a ring that had once belonged to his mother, and asked me to wear it for his sake till he could give me a wedding ring! I told him I knew that could never be;—but he says that "it is a long lane that has no turning!"

When he reached Dr. Chapman's gate, it seemed far too soon, and we had not said the half of what we wished to

say to each other ; but Roger's errand would bear no delay, and we parted sadly enough. I could not *say* good-bye, but he comforted me with brave and cheering words. Ah, when shall we meet again ?

(Some lines which follow have been crossed out, so as to be undecipherable.)

September 30th. I have not had the heart to write in my diary lately. The days have gone by heavily, though the weather has been fair and fine—strangely out of harmony with our spirits ! Mrs. Chapman died about ten days ago, and Leah has gone to stay with Tryphena. I am not sorry, for I cannot talk to her quite as I did before I knew about the letter, and I fancy she feels a certain dryness between us, which I cannot help. Besides, she does not feel as we do, about these great troubles, and she will, no doubt, find it more cheerful with Tryphena, who is not of a nature to harbor grief long, than with us. Yet I try to be as cheerful as possible to cheer my dear Daddie. And the children are very good ; and little Polly's pretty ways and childish faith seem to comfort him more than anything else.

November 28th. Another winter is beginning to close in upon us, and the fallen leaves seem to me like emblems of our faded joys and hopes. But my brother's unexpected visit has just now somewhat cheered our drooping spirits. He came to my window before daylight this morning, having been on horseback almost twenty-four hours ; and I knew his voice at once. He is

greatly pleased because he has been raised to the rank of Captain, and he showed us, with much pride, a Royal Commission from His Majesty, authorising him to raise recruits for the King's army on Long Island, which he is about to do, when he goes from hence. It is a dangerous office, and we must say nothing about it to anyone. He says the Royal troops have been victorious of late—both at White Plains and at Fort Washington. He left us at nightfall, that he might not be seen, for it is now known by many that he is fighting for the King. I was glad that Leah was absent.

April 15th, 1777. Very heavy tidings came to my Daddie this day. My dear brother Abner has been made prisoner on Long Island, and taken to Fairfield Gaol. This distresses us beyond measure, and we know not what may come of it, for they say that, in the State of New York, all who adhere loyally to King George are judged guilty of treason, and are worthy of death ! It seems very strange to me that men who say they are fighting for freedom can so persecute others for acting according to their consciences, in remaining true to their allegiance to their King ! Yet so it is, and my Daddie is so anxious about brother that he has no rest day or night. He is about to set out to see him, and I have begged him to let me accompany him, for I like not to let him go alone !

April 16th. Daddie and I got home last night, very tired with our long travelling to see my brother Abner. We had much difficulty, at first, in getting permission to see him, and

when we at last succeeded, we found him somewhat poorly—no doubt partly owing to the weight on his spirits caused by his imprisonment. When we secured admission, he was walking pensively up and down the room he occupies—having also the liberty of the gaol yard. He was much surprised when we entered, exclaiming, "My dear father!—My dear sister!" He could hardly say more. We sat down by him and talked a long time, and he got us wine and raisins, and seemed anxious to divert us, until night came, when he said he must go upstairs and be locked in. We saw the place where he had to sleep, and then went back to our inn, where I cried myself to sleep. Alas, for my dear brother! Would this wretched war were over! Next day, after seeing him once more, and bidding him good-bye with heavy hearts, we were obliged to set out on our return home. We rested, on the way, at the house of Mr. Gibbs,—an old friend of my Daddie's—who says he expects to have to leave his house and his beautiful estate, and go to live in New York till the troubles blow over,—if they ever do.

May 22nd. Summer seems to have come again—all at once—and our little garden is gay with tulips. Leah and I have been busy bleaching all the household linen. Brother Felix has been helping Gideon to plough and sow, which are now too hard tasks for my dear Daddie. We have heard from Mr. Gibbs that my dear brother Abner is set at liberty at last, in exchange for a prisoner from the other side, and that he has gone to General

Burgoyne at Ticonderoga—so I fear that we shall see him no more till the war is at an end. * * * But I never hear any tidings of my Cousin Roger. For aught I know, he may be wounded—or worse; but I will not suppose this! I will still think of him as I saw him last, and remember his words:—"Take courage, little one; let us hope and believe that all may yet be well!"

Oct. 4th. Autumn has come once more—after a busy summer, and our harvest has been reaped, carried in, and threshed. Some kind neighbors came to help, and so we got it done. Yesterday, after a week's steady spinning, I went to visit Tryphena Chapman. Doctor Chapman brought me home in his shay, and I much regret that I let him do so. He told me that Washington's army had been defeated at Brandywine, and General Howe has departed from Philadelphia. He says Washington's army is badly off for everything—even blankets, and shoes; and it made my heart bleed to think of my poor cousin! But while I sat silent, thinking thus, the doctor much amazed me by making a formal proposal of marriage! I told him I could not think of any such thing,—that I had never thought of him in any such way,—and indeed, it seems to me but yesterday that his good wife died! He pressed it much, however, saying that I should not dismiss his offer without due consideration,—that he could offer my Daddie a comfortable house, should he, as a Loyalist, be despoiled of his property, which was possible,—that he could also help to

provide for the younger children,—and that Tryphena and I could get on very well. I thanked him much, but said that I could never think of it ; though I did not tell him that I could never, never think of anyone but my Cousin Roger—whether he be living or dead ! I begged the good Doctor to say nothing of it any more, and he asked me to say nothing about it at home—especially to Leah—which, indeed, I have no wish to do.

December 25th. This is a sad enough Christmas-tide for us. We have no word from either my brother or my Cousin Roger, though we have sad news, both about Washington's army and that of General Howe. The former, at Valley Forge, is suffering from the lack of every comfort—almost every necessary of life. We hear that the sick often have to lie on the bare ground, for lack of straw. My poor Cousin Roger ! How I wish he could have some of our home comforts, on this Christmas Day ! And we are no more at ease about my brother. For General Burgoyne's army surrendered to General Gates at Saratoga in October, and we feared that my brother was again a prisoner ; but—two days ago—we were relieved to hear from Mr. Gibbs, that, before the surrender, General Burgoyne sent away the Provincial Volunteers, and that my brother, with others, escaped to the wilds of Canada, where I fear he is enduring much suffering from cold and privation.

January 1st, 1779. My Cousin Leah, who has been very busy for some time spinning and sewing—was married to-

day to Doctor Chapman, and went home with him. I hope she will make him a good wife, for he is a good man, whom I much esteem as an old friend, though I could never have thought of him as anything more. I cannot be sorry that she has left us, as it is long since I have felt that I could altogether trust her, and I do not think that she has much love for me.

June 24th. A fair pleasant afternoon ! I was down in the long meadow, picking strawberries with Patty and Polly, and we remained until quite late. A pleasanter evening I have rarely seen, and the beauty of the country, with its green meadows and tall elms, much delighted me. Could I bear to say farewell to it all ? Yet, since my Daddie had a letter from my brother, who is serving with the Loyal Rangers in Canada, he often says he shall have to go thither, if the Revolutionary troops really succeed. I would fain pray that this may be spared to us, though, for my cousin's sake, I can scarcely pray for their defeat.

October 18th. Cousin Leah Chapman has been here to-day, and tells me that Peter Sheppard is really going to marry Tryphena, who seems to have quite forgotten my poor brother. She says, also, that she hears that my father's property is to be confiscated, as we have long feared, and that if so, Peter Sheppard will buy it ; so that Tryphena may have her home here, if we are driven out. Oh, my poor Daddie ! It will be sad, if in his old age he has to leave his long-loved and pleasant farm !

October 23rd. Dr. Chapman has

been here a long time, and after he was gone, my Daddie told me he made up his mind to leave this place at once, and go to New York to live there for the present. For he will never abjure his allegiance to King George, without which he cannot retain his property. It seems to me that Peter Sheppard might buy the farm from my father now, if he wants it ; but I suppose he hopes to get it cheaper from the Revolutionary authorities, by-and-by. Or perhaps he thinks the title my father could give might be questioned afterwards. Dr. Chapman has kindly offered to take over the cattle, horses, &c, and keep them for the present, and he will buy them for Tryphena, if they are not seized in the meantime. And he insists that my Daddie should take from him an advance of money, which in these times is hard to get. He says that he has plenty, and will gladly supply an old friend. But he does not wish Leah to know. Dr. Chapman is a truly good and kind man ; may God bless him, indeed !

November 3rd. We have had a very busy and very hurried time. Perhaps it is best to have the change over quickly, without too much time to think. But to leave this place where I have lived all my life, and Gideon and Peggy ; and to part with all the kindly dumb creatures that I have loved and cared for, — even old "Rover," who goes to the Chapmans' — seems more than I can bear !

(The succeeding lines are undecipherable.)

* * * * *

New York, November 12th. We have arrived safely at New York—thank God !—and are living, for the present, at the house of my Daddie's friend, Mr. Clark. He and his wife have been most kind to us. We came to Newhaven in our waggon, which Gideon took back. He is to go to live at Doctor Chapman's, but Peggy would not go to live with my Cousin Leah,—so she has gone to a place in Hartford. She cried much at leaving us, poor girl ! At Newhaven we took the packet for New York, where I never was before. The fine buildings are a source of great entertainment to my brothers and sisters, and to me also ; it is a curiosity to walk through the streets, and look at the handsome shops, — the City Hall, St. Paul's Church, the Poorhouse, &c. But my heart is ever at my dear old home, and so, I think is my Daddie's also, for he looks sad, and sits silent, and never seems to care to walk abroad. Abner has sent him some of his pay, and says he thinks he can get some land in Canada, where he can settle, and have a home once more. He says it is a fine and fertile country, where thousands will be able to find farms and homes. But it seems very far away, and the journey is a long and toilsome one, especially for my Daddie and the children. However, if God calls us to go, He can take care of us on the way, and will be as near to us there as here.

PART II.

Cataraqui, Canada, June 25th, 1784.
—It is a long time since I wrote in this little book ! While we lived in

New York we had so many anxieties and troubles that it seemed as if I had nothing else to write, so I stopped altogether. Now that we are in a manner at the end of our long and weary journeyings, I have taken my little book out of the bottom of our chest of clothes, where it has lain so long, that I may set down the story of our adventures on the way hither, before they are all forgotten.

Shortly before the British evacuated New York, the Governor endeavored to transport in ships to Canada, all the Loyalists, like my father, who had had their property confiscated, and could not continue to live in the "United States," as they now call the country. My brother, who was in Canada near this place, sent us a letter by a private hand, advising my Daddie to come here, where Abner, as a soldier in the Loyal Rangers, was to get a grant of land. As notices were posted up, desiring all who wished to come here to give in their names, my Daddie was glad to give in his. We had a little fleet of five ships with a man-of-war to protect them, in order to carry all the people who wished to go, with such goods as they had saved. I did not much like the voyage, as we had some heavy gales, and were all very sick, so that I thought little Polly would have died. Certainly, I should never desire to be a sailor. We passed what seemed to be a grand coast, and after we were in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, it became much calmer, and we could look at the great rugged hills, bright with autumn tints. We stopped at a French village, called

Sorel, where we remained in the ships until the men built little huts, or shanties, of boards, in which we lived—all crowded together,—till spring. It was a dreadful winter,—so bitterly cold that we could scarcely get out of the shanties; and, to add to our distresses, the small-pox broke out among us. The children had it as well as myself. None of us had it very badly, except poor Patty; and I fear it has somewhat marred her beauty, of which she was, perhaps, a little vain,—poor child! As for me, I can hardly tell whether I am marked or not, as looking-glasses are scarce and very poor. My Daddie and Abner say they see no difference in me, though, perhaps, my Cousin Roger might, if he were to see me now. But, alas! we know not whether he is alive or dead, so long is it since we have heard of him. But, living or dead, to me he will always be the same.

When spring came, and we had all recovered, a ship carried us to Montreal, which is a growing town, though very small, compared with New York, and full of French people. We went in waggons to a place called Lachine, between which and Montreal there is a dangerous rapid, dashing furiously over great black rocks, so that people do not try to take boats up that way. At Lachine we embarked in a number of flat-bottomed boats, called *batt aux*, each able to carry four or five families. In these we travelled for ten or twelve days up the St. Lawrence,—sleeping at night in tents or under the blue sky. But at times our sleep was much disturbed by the

the ships or shan-
lived—
ring. It
bitterly
et out of
our dis-
it among
s well as
ry badly,
ar it has
of which
n,—poor
rdrly tell
as look-
ry poor.
they see
perhaps,
e were to
know not
o long is
m. But,
lways be

had all
us to
ng town,
with New
ole. We
e called
Montreal
dashing
ocks, so
boats up
mbarked
d boats,
arry four
travelled
the St.
in tents
at times
l by the

buzzing and biting of mosquitoes. When we came to the rapids, some only of the boats were taken up at a time,—most of the men joining in drawing them by strong ropes along the shore, while some remained in the boats pushing them with long poles. The men who walked along the shore were often wet to the waist with the furious dash of the strong waves, and it seemed a frightful thing to sit in the boats and be pulled up in the teeth of these fierce rapids, which sent showers of spray over us all. Little Polly, who is but a delicate child, took a severe cold,—and no wonder,—though I tried to shield her as well as possible. I have a troublesome cold, myself, but I am glad that my Daddie continues so well. He has seemed better ever since we set out on this journey. I think it was the hope of again seeing my brother Abner, after seven years of separation. Ah, me! —it is *more* than seven years since my Cousin Roger said that he would wait seven years for Rachel.

At last we left the rapids behind, and then we sailed pleasantly up the calm, broad river, and among labyrinths of countless beautiful wooded islands, large and small, amid which we travelled for two days. When the boats at last reached the shore, a tall, sunburned, bearded man came up to my Daddie, and put his arm about his neck. I could scarcely believe that it was my Brother Abner, though he declares that he would have known each one of us.

Abner had a comfortable tent ready for us here, on a long cleared space

by the river, called Indian Point, where we are to remain for the present. Our little village of white tents looks very pretty. There is a good deal of cleared ground about here; and nearly half a mile away are the ruins of an old French fort, called Fort Frontenac, which was built a hundred years ago. But there are only two or three French houses here now, and all around the clearing we see nothing but blue water and unbroken forest. On one side we can look from the shore into the great Lake Ontario. On the other side, beyond the ruins of Fort Frontenac we see the river Cataraqui flow out to meet the wide St. Lawrence. My brother has been busy helping to build a mill at a beautiful spot about six miles up the river, where there is a fine waterfall. The waterfall is not large, but very pretty, dashing out of a dark, wooded gorge, with high, steep, rugged cliffs on either side. The new mill is built of rough logs and seems to me to spoil somewhat the beauty of the lonely spot; but my brother says we ought to think it beautiful, for it will have to grind all our flour for a long time to come. At present we shall have to live on the provisions allowed by the Government, as we shall not be able to grow any for ourselves this year. We are rather tired of living all the time on pork and peas, like sailors; and I find it very hard to get any milk for the children, as very few people here have cows. My brother has got a nice little heifer, however, which a French trapper is keeping for us. It often makes me sigh to think of our fine, cool dairy under the great

elm, with the pans of rich milk covered with thick yellow cream.

July 10th. The Governor, who has come to live at Quebec, has been here to see how we all fare. Mr. Grass, who first told him about this place, took him out along the lake shore, which is in many places lined with groves of great cedars and majestic pines. The Governor asked what we shall do for food, and Mr. Grass said that if we could have some turnip-seed we could yet have a crop this season, which, with Government rations, would support us until next year. The Governor at once said he would send us some seed from Montreal. My brothers have been catching plenty of excellent fish in the lake, which makes a very acceptable addition to our table,—if such we can call our clothes-chest, which we use for this purpose. As our land has now been allotted to us, my brother Abner has gone to our new home, to begin cutting down trees for our log-house. He and his two nearest neighbors are going to work together, and help each other.

August 3rd. The turnip-seed has arrived and been sown in the best soil to be found hereabout.* We find our tent too warm in the daytime, now that the weather has become so hot; and the mosquitoes have been a great annoyance at night. We have to light a small fire every night to keep them away. In the heat of the day we generally find some cool spot under a tree where we can sit and work, for

*The spot is now the centre of the City of Kingston.

when we cannot buy *new* clothes, there is much to be done in mending the old ones. In the cool of the evening, I generally go with Mary Sinclair to sit on the shore of the lake, and watch the clear waves rolling up on the flat stone ledges of rock, and talk about home scenes, now so far away. Mary and I became great friends in the course of our long journey thither, and I am glad that the Sinclairs are to be our next neighbours, as we shall be company for each other, and my brother Abner much likes John Sinclair, with whom he is working now in the woods. As of course we have no church to go to here, which at first made the Sabbath seem a strange day, Daddie reads the Church service every Sunday morning under a tree near our tent, and the Sinclairs and others join with us to make a little congregation. As we have two or three books of sermons in our book-chest, he sometimes reads us a sermon also, and Mary Sinclair and my sister have very sweet voices, and sing some of our old hymns, though it often makes one sad to hear them in this strange land. I often feel like those who would hang their harps on the willow trees, when they remembered Zion; but I know this is not right, for God is as near to us here in Canada as in our loved home in Connecticut! My Daddie sometimes says that we have come, like Abraham, to found a new nation in the wilderness.

New West Farms, Hay Bay, October 8th. Here we are at last, really settled in our new home, for so we must try to think it. My brother and

clothes, mending the even-
Sinclair
ake, and
g up on
and talk
ar away.
riends in
y thither,
elairs are
we shall
and my
ohn Sini-
ng now
we have
h at first
nge day,
ice every
ree near
d others
ongregate
ee books
he some-
nd Mary
ery sweet
our old
one sad
land. I
ld hang
es, when
I know
near to
ur loved
Daddie
e come,
y nation
y, Octo-
t, really
r so we
her and

John Sinclair borrowed a *bateau*, and brought us all up with our goods. We had fair autumn weather, and a delightful sail along the shore, though once we had a sudden gale, and only with much difficulty managed to land till it was over; we sailed up a broad and beautiful bay, cut off from the land by a long, sheltering island, called Isle of Tonti.* It was a fine sunset, making a golden pathway over the lake, and at last the *bateau* was beached on the shore of our new farm, which is as yet all forest, except the one cleared spot on which our little log-house stands. The Sinclairs went on to their own farm, while we landed and took possession of the new home which my brother's strong arms have built for us here. I hastened to make a fire in the wide fire-place, and to prepare the supper, while my brothers carried up our boxes, and unpacked the few dishes we had brought with us. We soon had supper ready, and gathered about our box-table, hungry enough to enjoy the plain fare before us. My Daddie had been roaming about examining his new land, which he thinks will be fertile when it is cleared. We have with us some sacks of maize, which my brothers bought from the French settlers, and had ground at the new mill. It is healthy food for the children, who like it. We also have a little flour, though *that* is very scarce and dear, and we still have a very little of the tea and sugar we brought with

us, which we must keep for special occasions. My Daddie seemed pleased to have a home of his own once more, though it is only a log-cabin, with three rooms. In the main room we are to live, and the two smaller are bed-rooms, though as yet we have only one bed—for my Daddie—the rest of us sleeping on blankets on the floor for the present.

Oct. 12th. My brothers have taken down the *bateau*, and come back in their canoe. The weather is still fair and fine, and the lake calm and blue, as if it were summer. It seems strangely quiet here in the woods by ourselves, away from the friends we have been living among so long; and it is only now and then that we can spare time to go to see the Sinclairs, though they are our nearest neighbors. Our home is in a pretty little cove, shut in by two wooded points, and close by a narrow stream runs out into the bay. We have been walking along its banks, admiring the crimson and gold of the maples in their autumn dress, and watching the squirrels and chipmunks gathering in busily their winter store of nuts. My brothers have shot some partridges and wild pigeons, which we find very good eating. The children want Abner to catch a racoon for them to tame, like one they saw at Cataraqui. They are very fond of our little heifer, which we call "Bonny," and which we keep tied close to the house door, for fear of the bears and wolves. There are few birds about now, and the woods seem very silent, only the robin's notes, the chatter of a squirrel, or the whirr

*Now Amherst Island, then called Isle of Tonti, after a lieutenant of the brave explorer, La Salle, the first Seignior of the vicinity and commander of Fort Frontenac.

of a partridge, to break the stillness, which is often oppressive.

Oct. 15th. I have never seen such rich colours in the woods as we have here now; after a night or two of severe frost. They seem like a rich garment wrought in gold and crimson and purple. My brother has dug up the potatoes he planted, which are a welcome change from our constant peas and biscuit. He also thoughtfully brought from Cataraqui a little supply of tea, chocolate, and loaf-sugar, which he bought from a settler lately arrived from Montreal, with a little rum for a cordial for my Daddie, who is feebler than of old. He has also shot some wild-duck, which are excellent, so that we now live quite sumptuously.

December 5th. Since I last wrote our Indian summer has passed away, and it has now grown quite cold and wintry. All around us we see a dark forest of bare and leafless trees. We have had some snowy days, when the air was thick and dark with whirling flakes; but it has nearly all melted away again. Abner and Felix have gone to the woods with a deer-hound that they lately got at Cataraqui, to look for deer, and they have not yet returned, which makes us very uneasy, as we sometimes hear wolves howling at night, and we have heard some sad stories of people being devoured by them when only a short distance from home. Our good hound, "Nimrod," however, generally frightens them away from the house, and my brother has put up a strong shed for our heifer "Bonny," and our two sheep.

Dec. 6th. To our great joy my brothers came back to-day, dragging after them the carcase of a fine deer, and carrying four wild turkeys which they had shot. They got these late yesterday afternoon, and as they could not carry them all the way home before dark, and would not leave them for the wolves to carry off, they made a camp-fire and sat by it all night watching their game. It is all frozen now, and my brothers say it will keep for months, so that we shall have turkey and venison for our Christmas dinner, for which we should be thankful. But I am chiefly thankful that we have them safely home!

Dec. 25th. We have had a pleasant, quiet Christmas Day. It was fine and rather mild, so that the children could be out all day with their sleds—which were Abner's Christmas gifts to them—to their great delight. Felix and Dicky have their skates, and as the ice has only just taken on the bay, and there has been no snow since, they had as much skating as they could desire. My Daddie read the Christmas Service this morning, and gave thanks that he has us all here safe in this strange new home. If my Cousin Roger were only here with us, I think I could be quite content.

January 1st, 1789. The New Year has come in, in a heavy snow storm. The outlook into the grey whirl of snow is somewhat dreary, but at least we are far better off than we were last New Year in the wretched huts at Sorel, where we suffered so much from cold and sickness. This year it will be *nine* years since Roger and I last saw

joy my
dragging
ne deer,
s which
these late
ey could
y home
ve them
ey made
ll night
I frozen
ill keep
ll have
christmas
e thank-
ful that

pleasant,
ine and
n could
—which
them—
d Dicky
ice has
d there
had as
desire.
Service
that he
nge new
ere only
be quite

w Year
storm.
shirl of
at least
ere last
huts at
ch from
will be
ast saw

each other ; and I have heard nothing of him since we went to live in New York ! I often wonder now whether he is alive or dead. If he were alive, surely we should have heard something of him.

January 17th. My brothers and sisters will have no more sliding and skating on the bay now, for it is all covered with a mantle of pure white snow. It is four or five feet deep around the house. My brothers have procured snow shoes from the Indians, and have learned to walk on them, by which means they can go quite easily over the deepest snow and hunt the poor deer to great advantage. I now teach Polly for a while every morning, while Patty and I do our sewing ; and Felix teaches Dicky, who is indeed a boy of wonderful genius and learning for his years. He reads to us in the evenings out of Rollin's History, Milton's Poems, and Virgil's Eneid ; which he translates to us ; and seems fully to understand what he reads.

February 20th. John Sinclair has been showing Abner how to make garments of deer-skin, which he learned from the Indians. Abner has also been trying to make some strong boots, and I have succeeded pretty well in making moccasins for the children, like the squaws make. I fear they will have to go bare-footed next summer, as their shoes are all worn out. Patty is a strong, healthy girl, and will not mind, but little Polly is very delicate.

April 15th. We have been very busy making sugar from our maple-trees. My brother and John Walker tapped the trees and put up wooden

gutters to catch the sap, and we saved it in all the pans and basins we could gather. Then my sisters and I boiled it in our large pot, little by little, till we have now quite a large stock of sugar, which is very welcome, for the loaf-sugar we husbanded so carefully is now done, and we miss it very much. The snow and ice are nearly gone, and the water of the bay is once more to be seen—blue and sparkling in the sunshine. My sisters and I have found some lovely little flowers of delicate purple and blue, under the dead leaves ; and others which I think are still more beautiful—clusters of snowy cups, rising out of large scalloped leaves of a deep green, growing among rocks and mossy trees. The robins, too, have come, and are piping away in the woods. Welcome sights and sounds ! Yet they make me feel more home-sick than I did in the bitter cold of winter. And there never comes any word of my Cousin Roger ! Is he indeed dead, or has he forgotten us all ?

May 28th. This is indeed now a most beautiful season. The woods are all gay and green with young leaves, and fragrant, blossoming trees. We have all been busy in the little clearing that my brother has made. With some difficulty he borrowed an ox, and ploughed the space from which he has cleared away the trees, and we helped him to sow it with Indian corn, potatoes, and all the seed-wheat we could get, which is rather scarce. Besides, we have some flax-seed ; and we are going to dress and spin it, when it is grown, so as to make some new clothing, as ours is all worn

out. Felix and Dicky wear most of the time, hunting-suits of deer-skin.

September 25th. It has been such a beautiful, warm September day. I was sitting at the end of the point at sunset, watching the sun set over the blue lake, and thinking that it is now ten years since my Cousin Roger first came to see us at West Farms, and of how much has happened since then, and how little I know what has become of him, when John Sinclair came up to me with a message from Mary. Then he began to speak to me about something which I would much rather that he had not thought of. It was painful to me to tell him so. But everything of that sort is over for me, now.

October 18th. Our little harvest is all in now; but it will scarcely be enough to last us till next spring. We are growing anxious, too, about the new Government supplies, which have not yet arrived, as they should have done. Abner has gone to Kingstown, as they now call Catarqui, to try to get some supplies for us before the winter closes in. I hope he is not out in his canoe to-night, for the winds are howling through the trees, shaking off their leaves in showers; and the waves are dashing furiously upon the shore.

December 10th. The winter has closed in very early, which is unfortunate for us, as the winter supplies have not arrived, and we hear that they have been frozen up in the lower part of the St. Lawrence. My brother walked on snow-shoes to Kingstown, but could only procure a small quantity of flour and meal, for which he had to pay a heavy price.

March 17th. My dear brother Abner has met with a sad accident, which has much afflicted us all. He was out in the woods, cutting down one of the great trees, when a heavy limb fell on him. Felix ran for help, but before Abner could be got out, he was so terribly crushed that for a long time we had scarcely any hope of his life; and it was reported at Kingstown that he was dead. But thank God that he is so much better that he can now sit up a little. We have had a terribly hard season altogether, as Felix has been able to shoot little game, and we have had very little food in the house, besides our potatoes, which are all done now. I do not know what we should have done but for the kindness of our good neighbours, the Sinclairs. John has been so kind in bringing us a share of all the game he has shot, that it grieves me more and more that I cannot consent to what I know he still wishes so much. Mary, too, has been most kind, and often comes to sit with my brother,—which cheers him much.

April 29th. Since I last wrote we have had a heavy and unexpected sorrow. Our little Polly, whose constitution was much weakened by the privations of this hard winter, was taken from us by a sudden attack of cold and inflammation; and we had to lay her sadly, with many tears, in her little grave near the blue waters of the bay. We can scarcely realize yet that we have lost her, though I have always felt as if she were a child too good and sweet for a long life. Dear Daddie, who has failed much during

this winter of hardship and anxiety, has of late been speaking much about my Cousin Roger. He says that he fears now that he was too hasty in standing between me and Roger,—that fathers are apt to desire to interfere too much with Providence with regard to their children,—that he sees, now, how much better it would have been to leave me in the mild climate of Connecticut, and the little ones with me, which might have saved our little Polly's life. But I cannot bear to hear him reproach himself thus, and I always tell him that, whatever might have happened I would not have let him come away into this wilderness without me to care for him. And he was determined not to remain. Only if I could sometimes see or hear from Roger, everything would be so different !

* * * * *

May 12th. I little thought, when I wrote the last lines, that such a joy was yet in store for me as has happened to-day ! While Mary Sinclair was sitting by my brother and my father in their chairs by the door, I was out with my brother Dicky, taking a little fresh air, and gathering buds of the basswood, to vary our scanty fare. Suddenly Dicky called to me that a man on horseback was coming along the shore. I looked to see who it was, while Dicky ran to tell Abner. As he came nearer he saw me, and dismounted. I saw then that he was somewhat lame, and that one sleeve was empty, and fastened to his coat. And then, as the westering sunlight shone full upon his face, I saw that it was—my Cousin Roger ! I remember nothing more, only that in a moment, as it seemed, we were clasped heart to heart—sobbing and crying like two children !

Now that I have had time to observe him more closely I see that he looks thin and worn ; but to me he seems as handsome as ever, and he says much the same of me. Nay, I think there is an added sweetness and gentleness in his aspect in the place of his youthful vivacity, and he tells me that he learned lessons never to be forgotten, during the months of suffering through which he has passed. For he was grievously wounded in a skirmish near the end of the war, and lay long nigh unto death, which at that time he was not ready to meet. When he was fully recovered he sought us everywhere,—first in New York, which we had left, then in New Brunswick, and finally in this western country. It seems that our few letters to friends must have miscarried, as did also one that he sent to me, which was returned to him some months later, to his great grief. He first heard of us at Montreal, where he was told that my brother Abner had been killed by a falling tree. Then he hastened hither as fast as he could on his faithful steed, anxious to be a son to my father—and more than a brother to me ! For, he added, in a low and reverent tone, "thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." * * * He says that now that he has waited more than ten years for Rachel, she must not ask him to wait any longer. But I am happy enough as it is. Words can-

not tell how sweet it is—to be together once more!

May 15th. Roger brought us in his saddle bags, some tea, chocolate, and cordials; and he has gone to Kingstown to get some flour and pork, which were to be sent up by the first boat, also a tent for himself. He is going also to try to find a clergyman, or at least a magistrate,—who will come and marry us as soon as possible.

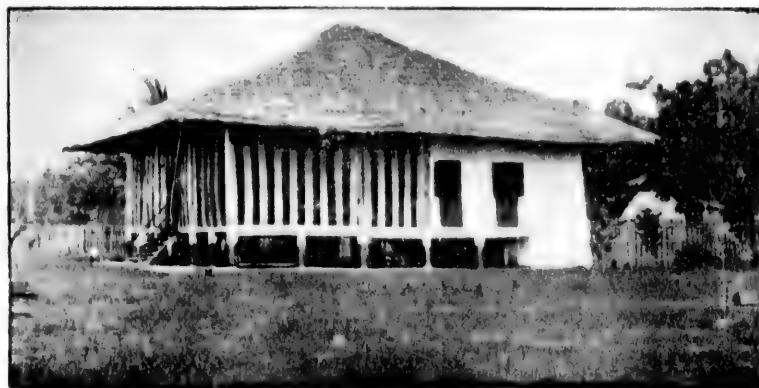
I have taken out of our clothes-chest a white gown, which I used to wear in Connecticut, for I know he will like me to look like a bride, though he says he cares not what I wear, so he has his Rachel! And Mary Sinclair, who will be my sister before long, is to be my bridesmaid. I hope her brother may soon get the good wife he deserves. My dear father seems much happier since Roger came, and they have had many pleasant talks. Neither is quite so much set in his own opinions as of old. My father felt somewhat hurt that the British Commissioners cared so little to secure the Loyalists in their rights, and Roger is much vexed at the conduct of the Americans in driving out their own people because they did not wish to forsake their old allegiance. Roger says that since he has fought for the United States until their independence has been securely established, he now feels at liberty to live where it seems to him best; and that he likes this new, wild country well enough to settle here,—for I could not leave my dear Daddie altogether! But he says that he must take me back to New England for next winter, to see his father, and escape the severe cold until I shall have

lost my cough and grown stronger; and as my brother Abner is to marry Mary Sinclair as soon as he can put up a comfortable new house, which Roger is to help him to build this summer, I shall be able to leave my father for a time to the care of Mary and my sister Patty, and go back with Roger for a while to see the dear old home-scenes. How can I sufficiently thank the Lord for all his benefits to me!

June 30th, 1786. This day I was married to my Cousin Roger.

Here the diary ends. The little book is almost full; and with her faithful Roger beside her Rachel seems to have felt no further need of writing in her diary, which, however, seems to have been treasured as a precious relic of the long years of separation. There are, however, on a blank page some brief entries that speak for themselves. These are: The birth of a son, Richard Woodruffe, on October 12th, 1787; of a daughter, Rachael, May 25th, 1789; of a son, Roger, on December 8th, 1791. Then there follow two entries of deaths, in a different hand: that of Richard Woodruffe, aged 82, in January, 1792, and that of Rachael Woodruffe, beloved wife of Roger Brooke, on April 18th, 1793.

There can be little doubt that notwithstanding all the tender care which her husband could bestow, her delicate constitution had become permanently enfeebled and her life shortened by the privations and sufferings of the years here recorded, privations and sufferings shared with many whose very names are unknown to us now. Yet out of privations and sufferings such as these the Canadian people has had its birth!



CHRISTMAS IN A TIGER-STATE.

BY KA-RI-WI-YOH.

OUR first in the nineties was spent in the domains of the Sultan of Tigerbad,—a state ruled *de facto* by a British Resident, *de jure* by His Dusky Highness. The scattered staff of Europeans throughout the country and the Heads of Departments who remain at the Capital all endeavor to spend Christmas together; but the condition of the state does not permit always of this gathering at Headquarters, as it gives the natives an opportunity to hatch mischief when so inclined.

The native Rampong is divided from the Residency and European bungalows by a small deep river. Very picturesque and quaint are the houses there, to eyes unaccustomed to habitations of bamboo with thatched roofs of attap palm. The Government bunga-

lows lack in beauty perhaps, but they are unsurpassed in comfort, with their deep verandahs, lofty canvas ceilings, large rooms and ample bathrooms.

The day began for us at 6.30 a.m., when the head "boy," with deferential knock at the shuttered door, announced "Makan sidere mem." A hasty cold sponge and donning of dressing-gowns ensued, and an adjournment to the dining-room proved that this early meal consisted of hot chocolate, eggs and buttered toast, after which a further adjournment for a completion of toilet was in order.

Before the heat of the day, the Sikh Military Police, an imposing procession of tall, fine-looking bearded men in single file, made a tour among the officials, carrying presents on brass trays covered with napkins, the rear

men leading a pair of live goats as a special offering to their European officers. The contents of the dishes supplied the spice of life,—variety ; sugar-candy, by no means equal to Gunther's ; a mess concocted of ghee and wheat-flour, esteemed a great delicacy ; a quarter of goat mutton ; six or eight different fruits, rambutams, durians, mangostems, pesangs, pineapples, pumaloe, and small sweet oranges, (green), from a Northern State ; chappaties ; and lastly, flanking the dishes, were a few bottles of German beer. The Sikhs themselves drink arrack, sobriety not being their chief virtue. The crowning point was a shower of bad perfume, sprayed over us by the Non-Com. in charge, with profound salaams and "Tabehs" at departure. A little Sikh child, the pet of the regiment, was with them, her father, a corporal who wore the medal for the Egyptian campaign, carrying her on his shoulder. She, too, had her gift of scent to bestow on the Sahib and Mem Sahib receiving a shower of silver dolls in return.

The eleven o'clock breakfast, the only heavy meal of the day until dinner, was welcome after this function, a mixed *menu* of fruit, sea-fish, buffalo-steak, chicken-cutlets, vegetables, and curry. How can the uninitiated understand the flavor an Eastern " cookie," be he Malay, Kling, Chinese or Bengali, imparts to this favorite dish. However fond of highly-seasoned viands, no Canadian could concoct a real curry, even by recipe, a green cocoanut being essential, and unattainable out of the tropics.

A siesta of two or three hours during the hottest part of the day is a habit easily learned from the natives. Not a sound is heard between breakfast-time and three o'clock, even the monkeys sleeping with their heads bent on their knees.

At four o'clock there was afternoon tea,—such good Indian tea, with buffalo milk as rich as cream. Then helmets were donned, and we crossed the esplanade to hear the Lessons and Evening Prayer at another bungalow, and while Christmas hymns and carols were sung we thought, maybe half-tearfully, of dear ones "at home." But a guest from an out-station was waiting to be welcomed, and, after a return to the bungalow to take a share in an elaborate toilet, to be chaperoned to the Residency dinner, where, at eight o'clock the European community assembled to do honor to the Day and to their host.

The long table, covered with flowers and ferns, looked much as do dinner-tables everywhere, *a la Russe*, though the small Pinang palm-trees adorning the dining-room, with their vermillion trunks and thick stems under the vivid green leaves, were to us a new and effective decoration. The *menu* was a conglomerate English and Eastern, and there were but two toasts,—"The Queen" and "Absent Friends." The Resident displayed, with some pride and much amusement, a handsome gift from the Sultan of a pair of massive gold bangles, which H. H. requested him "always to wear for his sake."

The waiting, where each guest has his own own servant, is always perfect,

—and a mixture of gorgeousness and barefeet. Of our "boys," one was a dapper little Chinaman in spotless linen, blue ribbon garters, blue-and-white satin-embroidered slippers, and glossy towchang, neatly braided, hanging to his heels, while another was a dark, handsome Bengali in trim-fitting white garments, small gold-and-white muslin turban, and shoeless feet. A tall and very black Kling, belonging to a near neighbor, in flowing white garments and immense turban, was a markedly picturesque figure in this gathering of all nations. A Singalese in national costume, his long black hair put neatly behind his ears with a round tortoise-shell comb and tastefully coiled at the back, moved deftly about, and the host's Malay boys, whose bare feet proclaimed the Moslem, were brilliant in silk sarongs kilted up over loose trousers, jackets of white silk, and bright velvet skull-caps. The up-country Malays, in attendance on the District Collectors and Magistrates, wore gay silk handkerchiefs twisted about the head and tied at one side. Surrounded by this variety of Eastern costume, that worn by Europeans looked sombre indeed, in spite of the latitude permitted Anglo-Indians in the way of white linen dinner-jackets and cummerbunds.

The dinner wore on for three good hours; and when the ladies retired after coffee and liqueur what a gossip there was in the drawing-room! It must be admitted that, especially with the newly-arrived, it turned on the sins and short-comings of Ah Gee, Kassim, Ramasarim, and Sooria, while the ex-

perienced had stores of advice to give.

"Was it proper, in a household of two," (we don't feed our servants), "to use sixty pounds of sugar in a month?"

"Certainly *not*, my dear; the bachelors are responsible for all these extravagances."

"But my boy," said another, "is going to China."

"Yes,—and I daresay a fortnight later, after all his regrets and sorrow at leaving you, you will receive his smiling Tabeh-mem, and see his discreet and attentive manner, while he stands behind your bachelor guest."

Young men, when you are tempted to try the Golden Chersonese as a residence, remember your white sisters, and don't make life harder for them by joining the The Associated House-keeping of Rich and Careless Bachelors.

Cookie sometimes gets on better with a Mem, especially if she has engaged him direct; while the bachelor's cook is farmed by the "boy." The Mem knows the price per pound of onions and potatoes; that it is difficult to get twelve eggs and two quarts of rice into a pudding, and she offers to conduct personally the making of a nicer and less expensive one. She says if one whole bottle of salad oil was used in last night's mayonnaise and not in frying cutlets, that is probably the reason the mayonnaise was nasty, and she had better measure the oil in future. Then she asks for variety in the nightly "si-dish," and offers to teach new and unprofitable savouries or how to keep mashed potatoes hot. But all this is very trying to Cookie,

so he, too, "goes to China" and makes curries, roasts mutton, cooks tinned plum-pudding and tomato soup, using salad oil and anchovy sauce to his heart's content in some bachelor's mess.

The bachelor always has "capital servants." His expectations are less. He may or may not object to festoons of his garments airing on the front verandah; he dines out unexpectedly, and is happy in the belief that the roast mutton cannot serve any useful purpose the second day; he neither knows nor cares how many dozen eggs have not been put in one rice pudding, and he does not fill a room with little tables and dust-collecting chairs, or bricabrac liable to be flapped into bits by the matutinal duster. Against these many virtues, violent language and occasional late nights count as nothing with Ah Gee.

The Dhobi came in for more than his share of attention in the drawing room discussion, his tricks and his manners furnishing conversation for at least ten minutes.

Quoth the oldest Mem. "My boy is as honest as the day,—at least, so I wish to think. In the absence of other evidence he is certainly to be believed against the Dhobi. But then I cut his wages for my missing silk handkerchiefs. Look at the Bachelor! He grows callous to trifles, such as coats not of his purchasing and shirts of a color and pattern not of his wardrobe, on Dhobi day. *Why* refuse handkerchiefs and napkins marked with some one else's chop. *Why* cut wages with some regard to quantity and none to the feelings of the contrite, salaaming,

protesting Kling who throws himself on our mercy. A man cares for none of these things; he fines by dollars, but pays as he fines, royally, and has a soul above suspicion. And he is unlike a Mem, I know, in that he does not forbid the visit of Ah Gee's obliging friend who buys up the coal-oil tins two days before they are empty."

A Mem from at out-station had a tale to tell of a cook who, in an after dinner bout, took too much gin and stabbed a fellow Kling. At three in the morning the mistress heard a violent rapping, and shouts of "Tuan! Tuan!" Throwing on a dressing-gown she opened a window. There stood a tall, dignified Sikh, sergeant of the bungalow guard, who promptly saluted.

"What is it?"

"Is the Tuan here, Mem?" He then explained that he had a warrant for the cook and had come to arrest him.

"But the Tuan is away, and I have only one Cookie,—I certainly can't be left! With the Tuan away, too! You must wait until the Tuan returns."

The sergeant looked troubled for a moment. Then, with a salaam,

"If the Mem-Sahib says so, it will have to be as the Mem-sahib pleases," drew himself up, saluted, and marched off, the Mem's pluck in refusing to give up Sooria being the while much admired by her household, who had listened in awed silence. It is difficult to understand, until one has lived in these regions, the immense feeling of superiority which the possession of a

himself
for none
dollars,
and has a
is unlike
does not
obliging
oil tins
y."

had a
an after
gin and
three in
heard a
"Tuan !
ressing-
There
ergeant
omptly

" He
warrant
o arrest

I have
n't be
, too !
an re-

l for a
it will
eases,"
arched
ng to
much
o had
ifficult
ved in
ng of
n of a

white face gives one over the natives, except, perhaps, Chinamen, who, being difficult to understand, are difficult to rule. The boy-gossip was checked by the men dropping in. Several of them sang well, and the rest of the evening, with piano accompaniment by a Mus. Bac. of Trinity, Dublin, was brightened by music and song. Presently the staid married people made their adieux, leaving the younger ones to finish the night in their own way. And Christmas Day was over.

HIGH PRIESTS.

Do you not wish sometimes that we were children, you and I,
A little boy and girl again, that presently the years
Would give us back the happy spring, its green fields, its blue sky
Without a shadow where the sun to rain-bows turned our tears.

That 'neath the blossomed apple boughs in the long garden-close
We played again forgetting that the world grows ever old,
Pleasure our god, our temple, trees where the soft sunwind blows,
Our choir the bird and banded bee in velvet, brown and gold.

The frog our piper silver-throated, piping merrily
Along the flow'ring marshlands strewn with buds of gold, thin-spun ;
The cricket fiddling in the grass beneath the hawthorne tree,
What time our altar-fires flame and fade above the sun.

The flower-cup our censer swinging till the moonwinds die,
Filling the night with incense, and the soul with fancies fair ;
Our tapers the white stars of heaven lit along the sky,
For spirits of the twilight trooping down the silver air.

And we the Priests, as if alone to us were Pleasure known,
High Priests decreed when suns were bright, and springtime skies were blue,
By our lone altar lingering till the red light is flown,
Till night is come—god never yet had votaries more true.

HELEN M MERRILL.

A CANADIAN IDYL.

BY MARY M'KAY SCOTT.

MAXIME LE BEAU and his three children lived in the little village of Chambly. Here they eked out a pittance, Maxime tending the little farm where wheat, potatoes, Indian corn and shalots were grown. Philomene, his eldest daughter, with motherly care watched over her younger sister, Babette, and her brother, Pierre, keeping the house scrupulously clean, scrubbing the floors with sand and water until the boards shone with glittering whiteness. A few sous (Canadian cents) were earned by this industrious girl by sewing together the many colored rags which were made into carpets by the French Canadian women of the place. Maxime had a music loving heart and the beauties of nature found in him a humble worshipper. In the early morning when he had harnessed Belle fille, the shaggy little Canadian pony, to the plough, he made a mark in the direction of the glittering cross on the summit of Belle Isle mountain, and, as he went back and forth he imagined that as his spirits rose the cross shone out, as they sank it became dull. On the fence the little Canadian rossignol sang to him in the words of his own patois, "Sim, Sim ton ble" (Sow, Sow thy wheat). In the evening it sang "Si, Si, Reste." He had his day dreams, of the times when he and

Philomene should visit La Belle France, when Philomene should have the advantage of cultivating her really beautiful voice which was now the delight of his heart. Often in the evenings, when the twilight was stealing up over the Richelieu river, softening the shallows of the old Fort on the opposite bank where Maxime's ancestors bled and died, the passers-by stopped to listen to the notes of the old man's violin and the pure, rich voice of Philomene, sometimes in the bright, sparkling "A La Claire Fontaine" and other chansons, but more often in the "Ave Maria," the blending notes rising and falling like the winds on the mountain or the sound of the rapids in the distance. Monsieur le Cure had paused many a time and given Philomene his blessing; "Some day, my child, Chambly will be proud of thee. Some day thou wilt be heard by the highest in the land. In the meantime content thee, my child. Le Bon Dieu will help in His own good t'me." In the little parish church, where the tired peasants came with their burdens of sin and woe and went away with absolution and rest of heart, much of the sorrow was soothed by Philomene's sweet voice in the choir singing her plaintive "Ave Maria." One evening, at the close of a hot July day, a stranger entered the little chapel at

La Belle could have her really know the de-
the even as stealing softening
on the op-
s ancestors
y stopped
old man's
e of Philo-
ight, spark-
ine" and
ten in the
notes ris-
ds on the
e rapids in
Cure had
ren Philo-
day, my
d of thee.
rd by the
meantime
Bon Dieu
me." In
the tired
burdens of
with abso-
uch of the
ilomene's
nging her
e evening,
y day, a
chapel at

vespers and decorously took a seat, bending himself in reverential meditation. Suddenly he raised his head and listened attentively while the notes of "Hear Us, O Mother Mild" stole through the building and up among the white washed pillars of the gallery until they seemed to sob themselves into silence. "Ah, what a voice. Who is she?" he asked of a woman kneeling near him clad in the picturesque homespun and wooden sabots. "Mon ami, 'tis our Philomene. Philomene Le Beau. Is not her voice sweeter than the rossignol?"

"Will you show me where she lives?" was his answer. Losing no time he found his way to Maxime Le Beau's, where the good man was sitting at his door with his short pipe in his mouth, resting after his day's work and dreaming his day dreams as he watched the rings of smoke ascending.

The stranger introduced himself, and Maxime, with the courtly grace of his French ancestry, made him welcome. Conversing on the crops and other subjects, he touched a sympathetic chord when he spoke of music, and the old violin was brought forth. Maxime was in his glory, and poverty and distress were forgotten as he played chanson after chanson, sometimes breaking into the lively dance music of the French Canadians.

With heart mellowed, he told the stranger of his hopes and plans, of his longing to help Philomene. Here he found an attentive listener, and after further questionings the stranger offered to take Philomene home to his own city and pay for her musical training

for a number of years. Maxime was delighted, but hesitated. "Oh, Monsieur, how shall I pay you," said he. "Never mind, good sir, some day I will be well repaid," was the reply. "In the meantime I will see Monsieur le Cure and tell him all my plans. My wife will be a mother to your Philomene while she is away from you." It was a nine day's wonder in Chambly, the going away of Philomene. The people flocked to say good-bye, the children brought keepsakes of birch bark and Indian bead work. The Seigneur's wife at the manor house brought a silk handkerchief and a gold coin, and when Le Cure, Maxime and Philomene, left in the Cure's carriage for Laprairie, where they took the boat for Montreal, all the village turned out to wish a "Bon Voyage."

Years passed on, Philomene studied hard, sometimes discouraged but always persevering until, assisted by her good friend, she obtained a place in one of the choirs of one of the largest churches in the city of her adoption. Now she was able to assist the little family circle on the banks of the Richelieu and many a comfort found its way to Maxime Le Beau, who began to think that the cross on Belle Isle was always shining. To London Philomene went, and studied under the best masters, and at last made her debut at La Scala, Milan, where again and again the house rang with applause for "La Belle Canadienne." She has sung before Kings and Courts, been feted and welcomed everywhere, and again and again has her own land offered up its oblation of applause to her.

On her first return to Canada, a deputation of her native villagers met her in Montreal, where they were delighted to find the same winsome, loving-hearted Philomene, with the added grace which culture and life in foreign cities gives; and when after singing for them some of her greatest efforts she began the sweet notes of Cartier's beautiful "O Canada mon pays mes amors," the tears fell fast from the cheeks of her village listeners as they knew of her love for her own land. No matter what her surroundings, whether in ducal hall or lordly

palace with the great ones of the world at her feet, in the quiet of the evening with the sunset gleams, would come before her view the picture of a little log house on the river bank with the old fort in the distance, touched here and there with a gleam of golden glory; and softly the notes of an old man's violin would steal through the air and unconsciously she would sing the sweet old words, "Ave Maria," "Hear Us O Mother Mild," and her heart would rest itself as many a one listening has found rest in the sweet notes of Philomene.

A TRIP TO ALASKA.

BY AN OLD STRATFORDITE.

IT was a lovely afternoon as we steamed away from Vancouver on the pretty Government steamer *Quadrilla* at the beginning of our holiday trip to Alaska. The sail along the coast was delightful, and the perfect rest, after the round of official gaieties we had gone through for the last few weeks, was good for mind and body alike. As we never sailed, or rather steamed, at night, we came to an anchor at about ten o'clock. The channel is very narrow in places and full of sunken rocks, so we "lay to" till daylight, thus enjoying a good night's rest with no fear of an accident in the dark. By daylight we were on our way again, and at noon got into a perfect school of whales, which caused

great excitement on board, especially as one of the monsters was obliging enough to come up quite close to the ship, sticking his great, blunt-nosed head far out of the water, and blowing a stream of water many feet high. We could see his tiny eyes quite distinctly. He turned his head straight downwards, leaving his great, broad, black tail sticking up for a few moments, till the whole thing vanished, looking like the sudden disappearance of a big black ship. There were hundreds of these ungainly monsters spouting about, but they all kept pretty well away from us, and the one which came so close must have done so unintentionally.

We had quite an exciting experience

the world
evening
ould come
of a little
with the
ched here
en glory;
d man's
e air and
sing the
." "Hear
her heart
ne listen-
eet notes

especially
is oblig-
p quite
his great,
he water,
ter many
tiny eyes
his head
his great,
for a few
vanished,
pearance
ere were
monsters
all kept
l the one
ave done

xperience

at noon when we entered the Seymour Narrows, a very narrow passage between the mainland and the rocky ranges of Vancouver Island. We got into these Narrows just in time to meet the tide, which comes in with a great rush here, and although we had every pound of steam on and were struggling valiantly, we could not make one inch of headway. Looking over the side of the vessel it appeared as if we were tearing along at railroad speed, but by watching a tree or rock on land one could see that if we did forge ahead for one moment we lost the next. The Captain was much excited, as it was not his fault that we got in there at that particular time. Some of our party had gone ashore early in the day, and the Captain had had to wait for us longer than he expected. The crew of a man-of-war were camped on the shore of the Island, and some of the officers were looking at our struggles through their glasses. Like all Englishmen our Captain hated to give in, so giving orders to alter the course a little, and going diagonally across as near shore as he dared, he managed to get into another current, and to his delight, as well as that of all the crew and passengers, we succeeded in getting the best of this mill race and forged ahead in fine style. We gave a rousing cheer, and went in to the long delayed luncheon, as we had been quite too excited to think of eating while the struggle was going on. There was not the slightest danger, only one hates to give in, even to the rushing tide.

At night we anchored in Alert Bay. Up early and after breakfast went ashore. We first of all went through a large salmon cannery, owned by a Mr. Spencer. You need never be afraid to eat tinned salmon, especially if it comes from Alert Bay, as the exquisite cleanliness of everything is wonderful. The process of canning was most interesting to watch.

After taking a hurried look about the cannery we went through the village, beginning with the Indian in his native state, which is not attractive. The Coast Indians are quite different in appearance from the Indians of the prairie. Few of them know anything of hunting and many of them have never seen a horse. They live by fishing, are shorter and stouter, and altogether quite a different caste from their brethren of the plain. These people do not live in tepees or wigwams, but in houses, if one can call them such. They erect great buildings like barns, called rancheries, and often four or five families live under one roof. They scratch a hole in the mud floor for a fire-place, and the smoke of the fire easily finds its way out through the cracks of the loosely put together boards of the roof and sides of the building. An iron pot and a couple of discarded salmon tins seemed to be the extent of their kitchen utensils. Two or three children and some dogs made up the family party. With a pipe full of tobacco the old man lounged quite contentedly by the fire watching the old woman as she stirred a pot full of some dreadful looking mixture with a piece of

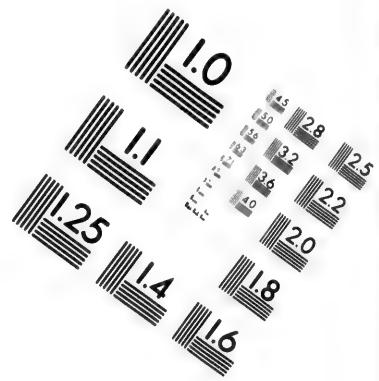
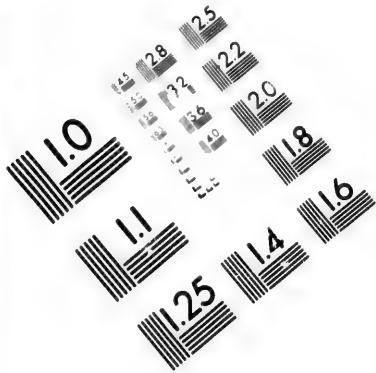
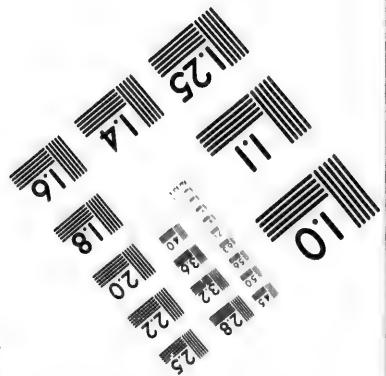
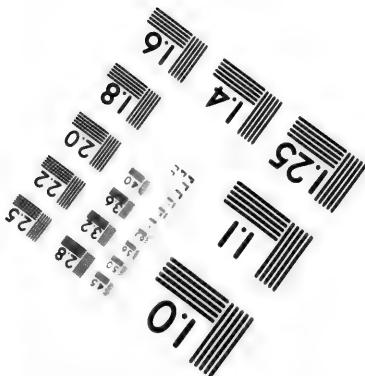
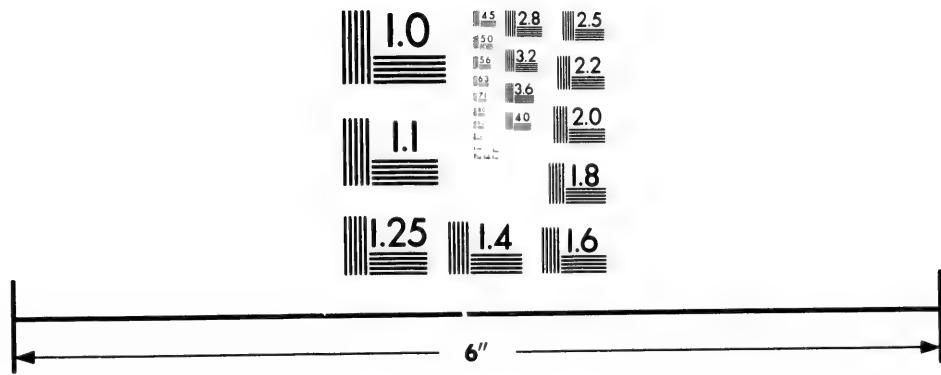
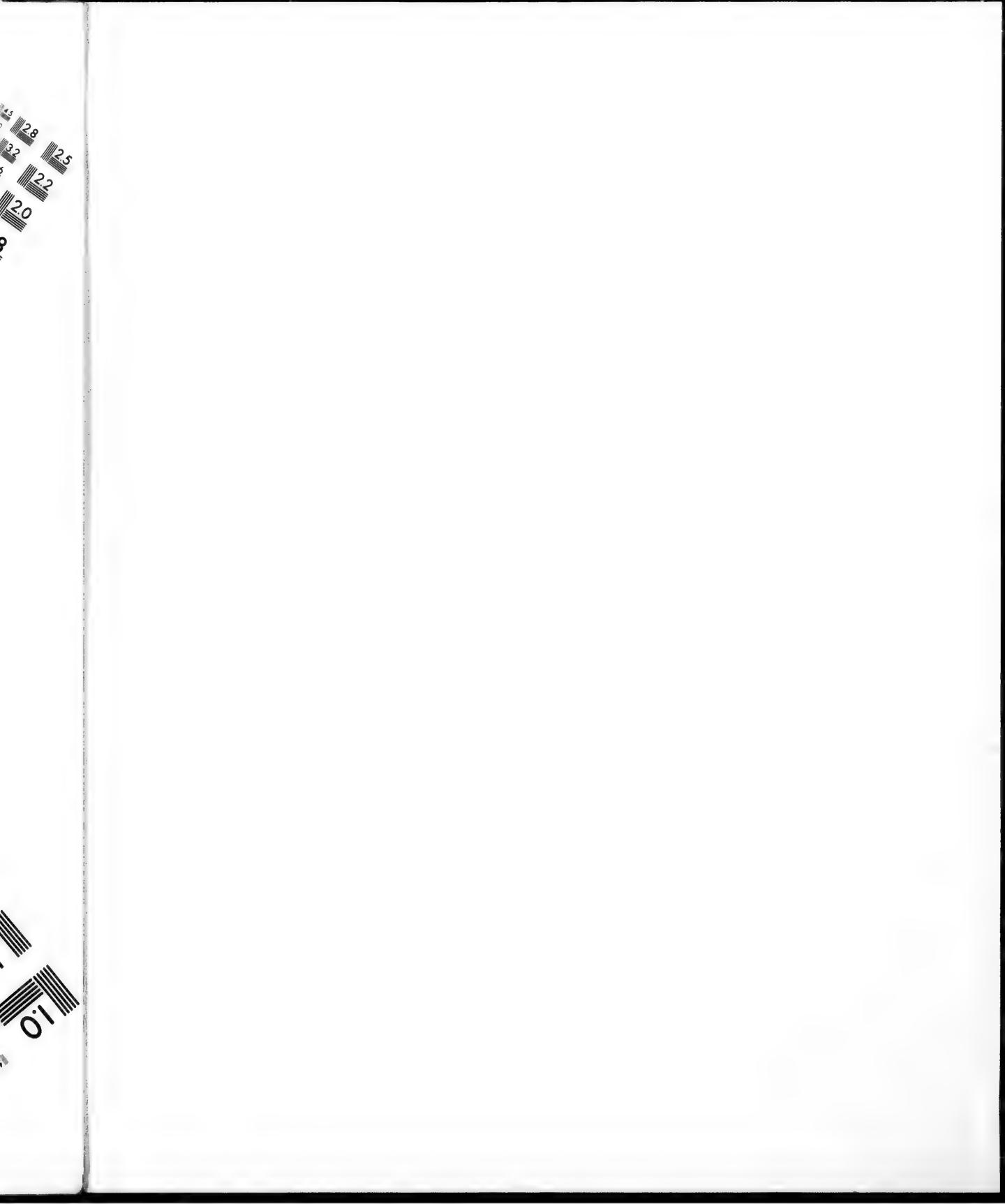


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic Sciences Corporation

**23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503**





stick, which also served to beat the dogs back when they thrust an inquisitive nose too near the pot ; it also made a good poker for the fire, and a gentle reminder for the children when they tried to grab from each other a dainty morsel of dried fish. At the far side of the building from this happy family was another group where a little girl of about seven was lying on a straw mattress, racked with a distressing cough and dying of consumption. It was a relief in every way to get out into the fresh air again.

Leaving the native village we went into the schoolhouse, where lessons were going on under the care of the clergyman's wife and a young Englishwoman. Here there were about twenty children, of all ages and sizes, with their hair shingled, or closely cropped ; most of them with shoes and stockings, and all looking clean and comfortable. They had no idea that the Premier and the Minister of the Interior were coming to see them, so we found them just as they are every day, and we were much pleased at the way the children have got on. It seemed quite wonderful to some of us to hear them read in English. They sing sweetly, and seem to have a much better idea of music than the Indians of the prairie. They looked bright and happy and intelligent—very different from the poor little creatures we had seen in the village. After returning to the vessel we started off again and about six came to another Indian village, called Fort Rupert, where some of the party went ashore and inspected the place, bringing back baskets made

by the Indians, which smelled so of fish that we fastened them to the upper deck, hoping the fresh air would improve them. That night we anchored at Port Alexander.

The next day was one that most of the party would not care to repeat. We began to steam off at daylight. Soon after getting into Queen Charlotte Sound, where the horrible swell of the Pacific Ocean rolls in, the poor "Quadra" began to go up and down in the most distressing way, and though we all tried not to wake up it was no use. We could not help but hear that our friends were in great distress, and we immediately joined in the chorus, not because we wanted to but simply because we could not help it. It was very trying, and lasted for about four hours, so that breakfast was late that morning. The idea of broiled salmon and coffee did not seem to appeal to anyone. By noon every one was on deck again, and luncheon that day was done ample justice to.

In the afternoon some of the party went ashore at Bella Bella, but most of the natives were away fishing. They had a chat with the Methodist missionary, and picked up some pretty shells. As soon as they returned we hurried along, so as to make Swanson's Bay for the night—a most lonely spot, with high mountains casting a deep shadow on the water, and the fish jumping and splashing as though they weighed twenty pounds, as I am sure many of them did. We could not induce them to be caught, though we tried them with all sorts of tempting morsels, from red flannel to mutton.

The next morning was our first wet day. After all it amounted to very little, and did not prevent any of the party going ashore when we got to Met-la-kat-lah about ten o'clock. This is an old settlement. His Lordship Bishop Ridley, Anglican Bishop, resides here, and it is the headquarters of the C. M. S., whose operations in this far off region are directed from this place by his Lordship. Met-la-kat-lah was established by the pioneer missionary, Mr. Duncan, whose missionary efforts amongst the Indians have been most successful. The Bishop's Palace is a large frame building, surrounded by a lovely old garden of fruit and

flowers, both of which seem to grow most luxuriantly here. The wild raspberries we saw hanging on some of the bushes were quite as large as our cultivated ones.

The Cathedral is quite an imposing looking structure. We visited the schools and found the Indians altogether a well-dressed, intelligent lot of people. The Bishop took us to call on a young married Indian woman who had been a pupil in the school here. Her house was as clean, well kept, and comfortable as the home of a tidy white woman in the same circumstances. She was a gentle, sweet looking girl, and seemed much pleased



TOTEM POLES AT FORT WRANGELL.

ow
ld
ne
ur

ng
he
to-
of
all
an
bol
ell
of
fir-
eet
sed



VIEW AT MET-LAH-KAT-LA.

at our calling ; and when we were leaving insisted on giving us some pretty shells and stones she had on her parlor table. We afterwards went over the hospital, and the physician in charge, Dr. Ardag¹, insisted on rifling his garden of flowers and vegetables for the replenishing of the boat. A number of the party lunched with his Lordship and Mrs. Ridley, who were both most kind and hospitable, while others lunched with Mrs. Todd, wife of the Indian agent. The Girl's School here is conducted by lady missionaries from England, sent out by the Church Missionary Society, as likewise were the teachers in the schools at Alert

Bay. These truly good women, who are highly educated and possess means of their own, volunteer for this kind of work, pay their own passage out and back, and provide their own clothing, remaining for a period of six years. Their work is one of love and devotion, and cannot be too highly commended.

The next stop was at Fort Simpson. We went ashore and visited the Hudson's Bay store, purchasing some Pear's soap, a button hook, and other small articles, besides some bangles made out of silver dollars by the Indians and curiously engraved with all sorts of strange devices. We also purchased some of the curious carvings

done by the Haida Indians of Queen Charlotte Islands. They are made from some sort of stone or slate, which is soft and easily worked, and are very odd looking. The Indians used to sell them quite reasonably, but the American tourists have bought such quantities of them, giving such a good price for them, that now they ask more than they are worth. We also visited the hospital in charge of Dr. Boulton, and the Girls' and Boys' schools, and were shown over the Church of England by the Rector, the Rev. Mr. Stevenson. The church is a new building just completed, and a most creditable bit of architecture for such a far away place. We did not meet the Rev. Mr. Crosby, the Methodist missionary who has resided here for so many years, but called on his wife, who kindly showed us through the church, and also the museum, which contains a splendid collection of Indian curios ; these her husband has gathered together during his long sojourn in the country. Many of the articles are of great value.

In the afternoon we visited Kincolith village, on the Naas River, farther up the Coast. We found this village much more advanced than most of the others, each family living in a neat frame house ; some of them with sewing machines and even organs ; the people all comfortably clothed, the whole place having an air of comfort and respectability, all reflecting great credit on the labours of Archdeacon Collison, who has resided here for some years. Here, as in other places along the Coast, we saw many of the

Indians wearing the well-known uniform of the Salvation Army. This was our last stopping place on our way up. We took a last look at the inhospitable shores of Alaska and turned about on our homeward journey, having nine hundred miles of travel to accomplish before reaching Vancouver again.

On Wednesday, August 14th, we had our first cloudy day, the air being heavy with smoke from the forest fires, and spoiling our view for any distance. We reached Nanaimo about ten in the morning, and went ashore. Such a queer looking town with some very fine buildings, a long bridge over a ravine that runs through the town, and an old Hudson's Bay Company Bastion, used now as the "Lock-up." We walked into town and went into the principal hotel, kept by an Old Stratfordite, a Mr. Dempsey. His pretty, dark-eyed, French Canadian wife was most kind, and gave us a delicious cup of tea. We also called to see another old Stratford friend, Mr. W. R. Roberts.

Just outside the town is a lovely garden belonging to Mr. Robins, Manager of the Vancouver Coal Company. He is an Englishman, and gets many of his shrubs, plants, and seeds from his old home, and they seem to thrive as well here as in their native soil. With the soft, well kept velvety lawns as a back-ground, the place was a veritable fairy land.

At last we steamed off for Victoria, and about five o'clock landed opposite Oak Bay Hotel—a very pleasant summer resort, where rooms had been

taken for the party. Here we were back in civilization again. At the time we were there Victoria was very dry and dusty, which rather spoiled its beauty, for it is a lovely place. Before we left we went through Chinatown, where we saw the most extraordinary things to eat. We were introduced to Mr. Lee Mong Chow, the Chinese interpreter for the Customs, who took us to his house and let us see his mother, wife and baby daughter. His wife is a high caste lady, with tiny feet on which she stumps about, always with a funny little maid servant by her side to prevent her falling. She looks just like the pictures and photographs one sees of Chinese women, with her glossy black hair as neat and smooth as if it had been carefully varnished, and stuck

full of curious things of all kinds made of shell, gold, and jute.

We had still to visit Vancouver, and New Westminster, where, by the way, we met two more old Stratford friends, Mr. and Mrs. Brymner, and saw their pretty home, with its lovely lawn, trees and flowers in profusion—then back to Vancouver, and on to Sicamous. Here we took the Okanagan railway for Vernon, at which place we were met by the agent and driven to His Excellency's farm. We saw his hop fields, looking beautiful just now, with their soft green foliage and graceful feathery blossoms, and the great plantations of fruit trees, had a delicious luncheon, drove back in time for the evening train to Banff, where we spent the night, and then left for home.

GRANDFATHER'S VISIT.

BY MRS. E. W. PANTON.

SILAS MILES, with a rather troubled look, sat by the fire smoking his evening pipe. His mild and somewhat pale blue eyes were casting, from time to time, furtive glances toward the bustling partner of his bosom, as with short, strong strokes she mixed the "rising" for next day's baking. Silas was decidedly uncomfortable, for he had in his pocket a letter which he would have to submit to this beady-eyed, thin-lipped woman who prided herself on "standing no nonsense." He wasn't afraid of the "face of day,"—

at least, that is what he had often said; but somehow she had a power to paralyze his not over-ready tongue and scatter his wits, that led more than one astute neighbor to whisper that the "missus" made him "toe the mark." She had been well prepared for the role by having been a teacher in various "sections" for more years than she cared to remember, and only dropped the ferule from her stumpy little hand to put it, with all its capabilities, into that of Silas.

He had been much in need of a wife,

and a mother for the little girl who had been left to his care by his much-loved Mary, and whose gradual unfolding was, day by day, sadly puzzling and filling him with apprehension of the responsibility. She had been always accounted a queer un—"a little off"—by the neighbors in general, who related stories of many sorts about this large eyed, serious looking child, who wandered about the meadows by herself, or sat hand in hand with her grandfather weaving whole volumes of wonderful tales for their entertainment.

She had been seen more than once caressing dead birds, and brushing away snow to scatter crumbs to living ones, and it was no uncommon thing to come upon her sitting in mute ecstasy over the gay colors of a butterfly's wings; so it was not strange that the practical mothers of housefuls of healthy, normal-minded, sturdy bipeds shook their matter-of-fact heads, or tapped them significantly at the mention of Annie Miles. When Silas took it into his head that the interests of his domicile required the presence of a very capable woman, a kind neighbor had been very ready to suggest Hannah Robbins as being completely fitted to meet the requirements. Silas was no master of intrigue, and the neighbor therefore fell upon the plan of carrying him to one of her "exhibitions." Here he saw with astonishment and admiration the military exactness with which she marshalled her little squad into line, every toe on the chalk mark, every hand behind back, and every face fair-

ly shining with happiness and brown soap. And the lessons, too, were wonderful, the answers coming with a simultaneous whiz that showed how well she had taught "the young idea how to shoot;" and he there and then resolved, if that gifted woman would consent to be his, life had but little more to strive for. And she did consent; and that, too, without any preliminary love-making nonsense. Perhaps some remembrance of this epoch crossed his mind as he sat watching her from under his shaggy, sandy eyebrows. Everything comes to an end, and with a gasp almost, he saw her cover up the kneading trough and come forward to turn up the lamp; but a sound of feet overhead caused her to turn to the foot of the stair. "Annie," she called, "aint you in bed yet?"

A childish voice said something about "grandfather."

"Never you mind about grandfather, you get right to bed, and to sleep too, and mind you be up by six, to help pick those geese. It beats all," she added, coming again to the table, "how idiotic she is over that old man. You'd think now she'd have had enough of him all day. But she is such a strange child."

"O, I don't know, Hanner," said Silas in an apologetic tone, "I don't know. I never seed nothin' strange in her bein' set on the old man,—he's pretty nigh about all the nuss she's ever had."

"Yes," she said with a sneer, "and it just suited his laziness too. He's more than half to blame for her

being such a little dreamy good-for-nothing."

Silas wriggled uneasily, and then ventured to say, "She's only a little 'un yet, Hanner. Only a little 'un,—she'll change. Don't they say you can't put a young head on old shoulders; and that's for a fact too, you can't. It stands to sense."

"O, what do you know about sense," she said irritably. "Now you put a stick of wood in the stove and give me the letter you got."

Like a well regulated husband he gave her the letter and attended to the fire; then sat down to muse while it burned. Her sharp little eyes travelled swiftly over the pages, gathering fire every second, till, with a snift of rage, she tossed the sheet on the table, and the storm burst, as the meek man had feared, on his head. When the first fury was spent, he essayed in his own poor way to pour on the oil, but she was only the more incensed.

"It's the most bare-faced scheme I ever saw," she said, "a regular made up plot. It's as plain as the nose on your face that it's all made up." Silas did not reply. "I wonder if that brother-in-law of yours thinks that's all going down with us? If he does he is mistaken. He seems to think we're a set of born fools!"

"Why—what—why—Hanner—no he don't—in course he don't—why should he think we're born fools?"

"Because you're one for one reason, but he isn't going to be so smart as he thinks. He's made a lament, and a poor mouth from beginning to end, and it's all to get out of his bargain.

First its poor crops, then it's frosts, and sickness and doctor's bills to wind up with, and then the long and short of it is we're not to expect any more money for his father's keep. It's all made up."

"No, Hanner," Silas put in mildly, "it's all true. 'Taint only John's story—all through the nor'-west it's so. There's Joel Roberts—"

"Don't quote Joel Roberts to me," she broke in fiercely, "shiftless, thrifless lot. When they lived here, their farm was all run to pig-weed and thistles. Like as not it's the same up there, and ten to one if John Vancey is a whit better,—and they call it bad luck. I call it downright shiftlessness,—that's what I call it."

Silas coughed in irritation and said, with some show of spirit, "John aint shiftless, Hanner. You aint no call to say that. He aint a bad manager. When he was here his crops allus came out A1, and he got the best prices."

"Well, he must be lying now, and that's all there is about it," she exclaimed vehemently; "he's made up his mind to saddle his father on us for the rest of his life, but he wont if I know it," and her mouth shut with a snap that might have made a more heroic specimen of mankind than Silas quail. He felt miserable and incapable of speech. She took up the letter and read it through again, while he watched anxiously for the better "second thoughts." But they did not come; she only repeated, with more determination if possible, her belief in the attempt to delude them, and her fixed resistance.

"But I don't see, Hanner," poor Silas ventured at length, "what we can do. 'Pears to me he aint no great trouble, nor expense nuther, and bein' Annie's grandfather too—."

"What does that matter? He isn't one drop blood to you, nor me either. Death cuts off all that."

Silas shook his illogical head. "I can't seem to see it that way. I can't—that's for a fact, and 'taint as if we couldn't do it—there's room enough, there's plenty of room."

"Plenty of room," she exclaimed in derision, "where is there plenty of room I'd like to know; nowhere except in the top of your head."

Silas, in bitterness of spirit, gave up the contest, and she too ceased speaking, and addressed her alert little mind to the problem of devising a riddance of the burden. There would be tears she knew, and strife perhaps, but she believed that this preliminary skirmish had cleared the way for the decisive battle.

A week later the ancient equipage of the Miles' stood in the lane, in readiness for the market town of Hartley, about six miles off. There was a stout grey pony, and a light wagon that did duty for every function from drawing home the wood from the swamp to the most dignified pace at a funeral. A mammoth bundle of wool tied in an old "log cabin" quilt, side by side with a bundle of goose feathers in a blanket, filled the front of the vehicle, nearly touching the horse's tail; a huge piece of beef filled the whole space behind, while pails and baskets, out of which stuck feet,

webbed and clawed, were packed under the seat. Hannah stood by tying up her head prudently in a black "cloud" and drawing on her substantial mittens, meanwhile rehearsing for the fourth time Annie's orders for the day. Grandfather, too, was there, sitting in the mellow October sunshine, on the rough platform at the back of the house, with his stiff fingers clasped round his shrunken knees, a red woollen muffler wound about his neck over which his straggling grey hair hung,—his placid, vacant face surrounded and partly concealed by a worm-eaten fur cap. This expedition had not been delayed, as Silas expected, because he had been called away to return some neighborly offices, for Hannah scoffed at obstacles. She mounted, and by dint of vigorous kicking and pushing, got space for her feet, and drew the lines over the breast-work of wool and feathers.

"Here, Annie," she called, "hand me up the whip. Now run ahead and open the gate."

The child sped over the slightly frozen ground and was at the opened gate before Hannah—like a priestess, with her sacrifices of bullocks and rams—reached it. "Now, mind, no dawdling to-day," she said again, pausing on the gangway, "get right to work. After you get through with the dishes and redding up, go right out to the mangolds. Give your grandfather a knife, too, he will be better at that than idling;—and then you know about husking the corn; he can help you at that too, and be lazy enough then; and remember about filling the

wood-box before it gets dark. If you are a good girl," she said, as she gave the lines a jerk, "perhaps I might bring you something." Annie ran back to her aged comrade. There was a bond of sympathy between them—an unspoken feeling that these two ill-treated encumbrances were each the only refuge and solace of the other.

The early dark had gathered in the little room where the trio sat, when Hannah's returning wheels passed the window. Instinctively, Silas took his not over clean boots from the front of the stove; the child slid off his knee; and the old man drew back his chair from its forbidden place too near the fire. But for once there was little cause for fear. Hannah's brow, as she entered and deposited her baskets, was clear, and her voice had no sharpness. She took off her wraps without reproof and without sneer. Evidently, a "change had come over the spirit of her dreams," and they watched in uncertainty, which changed to astonishment, when she brought forth peaches, and grapes, and sweets for Annie!

Poor Silas's jaw fell helplessly, when a parcel which she handed him, with a good attempt at indifference, disclosed a pair of overshoes.

"Why—what—Hanner, you don't mean 'em—d'y'e mean—they ain't for me. You didn't buy 'em," stammered Silas, awkwardly holding them.

"Why of course I bought them. Is that anything so very wonderful!" She was in danger of losing her good temper at his stupidity.

He looked at them again, and then

at the unaccustomed luxuries and blundered again.

"You must have got uncommon prices to-day, Hanner—uncommon."

"The prices were well enough," she retorted tartly, "I don't want you to be laid up with sciatica this winter again—that's all. Kettle boiling, Annie!"

When Silas and Hannah had the kitchen to themselves she sat down opposite to him with a look of unwanted softness in her eyes, and said with some hesitation. "Well, Silas, I've done a thing to-day—perhaps—I think—I hope you'll think it's all right. I've done it for the best, Silas."

He hitched, and coughed uneasily. "If it's for the best, Hanner, nobody can do no better than the best, that's for a fact."

"But it's for you to see it that way, Silas, as well as me, you must see it the same way too;" and she accompanied the remark with a smile that bid fair to dazzle the poor man beyond power to see anything. For Hannah, like the wise woman she was, did not weaken her blandishments by cheapening them, and the smile did its appointed work.

"If it's for the best, as you say, Hanner," answered he with a rather gratified look, "why in course I'll see it that way,—in course I will, that is, if—"

"If you can see it at all," she could not refrain from saying, with a touch of sarcasm. "Well, it's this"—she hesitated a little, as if not sure how to begin. "You know—the other night—Silas, we said—we agreed that we

were'nt going to let John Vancy play his game—impose on us, you know—about making us keep his father for nothing, you remember." And a look almost tender and sweet met his astonished eyes. He rubbed his slow cranium as if to stimulate his faculties; looked again into the cajoling countenance, and, as if to get out of its bewildering radiance, untwisted his long legs and moved his chair.

"I don't remember, Hanner," he said slowly. "I couldn't have said nothing like that—I couldnt."

"Well, you agreed with me, Silas. At least you did not object, so it amounted to the same thing."

"I don't remember that nuther. Don't see how I could." Then suddenly brightening up as if the numbness were passing off, "I said he oughter stay, that's what I said. I couldn't have agreed to nothing else than that. I said as how 'twant no great expense. He's Annie's grandfather—that's what I said, Hanner."

She was disconcerted and in doubt of her next tactics for a minute; then exclaimed: "His being Annie's grandfather ought to be the best reason for his going away, Silas. He is just spoiling her. Every whim he humors, and obeys every wish. He is doing her a great deal of harm. And you're her father and ought to understand it. She is a dreamy, half awake, queer child. In all my experience I never saw one like her, and I ought to be allowed to know something about children and what's best for them, you might trust to my judgment. She ought to be learning useful things now

—about the house I mean; but you can't trust her to be left to do anything—she'll be off on a hunt for red leaves, or bugs' tails, or maybe studying some ugly spider to see if it has toe nails, there's not a disgusting object she won't handle;" she gave a grimace. "You should just see her when she happens to see a few red streaks of clouds. You'd think she'd clean forgotten everything."

Silas looked perturbed, but found no words to refute these serious delinquencies of his child.

"And he enters into all this rubbish instead of spurring her on to something sensible and useful, and so it'll go from bad to worse, if they are kept together as they have been. Don't you see this? You've always told me I had a good head-piece for seeing into things, now haven't you?"

"Yes—yes," answered the poor man, woefully disturbed and puzzled; "but 'pears to me, Hanner, that 'taint the head-piece has much to do with this—it's feelin's seems to me—it's all the feelin's. Annie is so set on him—he did most all the nussen of that child, Hanner, and ever since he's tended to her. 'Twould go fearful hard to part 'em—and where is he to go? I don't see—I don't see, and his keep—why I'm certain sure more goes to waste—"

"Goes to waste, Silas Miles? just show me where, whatever wasteful doings there's ever been was before my time, and all this planning now is just for your interest, if you weren't so set on standing in your own light. Here I am giving my whole time and strength and the best of my affections,

as you may say, and what do I get? Not even thanks. You act as if I was you very worst enemy. Everything I oppose for your good, you oppose it just as if I was a selfish, masterful woman, always just planning for myself, when it is all for you—every bit of it is for you."

This was a master stroke and hit its mark just as it was predestined. Silas was soon an unwilling yet a tacit consentor to her scheme to convey away the old man. She made it appear that the "Home" which would receive him was to be a haven of rest and comfort. She had carried out all the plans that day—taking train from Slowville to Hartley after having accomplished her marketing, and every detail was successfully carried out; and she showed an air of subdued triumph as she related all the steps. She required nothing now, but Silas to acquiesce—to be at least no obstructionist. After he had taken down with one suffocating gulp the hideous thought of the "Poor House" for the last days of the father of his dead Mary, he gave one deep sigh of resignation and turned away. And so it came to pass not many days after that Hannah again drove through the gate, with the old man at her side. It was the early dawn and Annie was still asleep. Hannah's sacrifices this time were broken hearts, but of this she took small account.

For some months the small round of life went with little changes. Silas and Annie, too, soon learned that it was best for all to make no allusion to the absent, and she learned to reconcile herself to his having gone away for a

long visit and to indulge her grief only in the security of her coverlid. But in February things did change. A niece of Hannah's, living in an adjoining township, was to be married and she was to go for a week. She set about active preparations. She washed, and scrubbed, and polished, and baked, "for," she said, "no prying eyes were to be finding things out of order in her absence. She knew what gossips some people were, and her reputation as a housekeeper was not to be subjected to any sort of mischances." And Annie was well lectured and warned against every sort of carelessness and untidiness. She made a large supply of bread and an equally large supply of apple sauce, that there should be no extravagance and plenty of wholesome nourishing food in her absence, and took precautions against indigestion and nightmare by locking up the "pound cake" and jam pots.

Sinful vanity in Annie was forestalled by having her "good" clothes put out of her way lest in some idle hour she might be tempted to array herself in them. Having looked well to the "ways of her household" and insured it against moral and physical retrograde in her absence, she departed for the scene of her festivities. Things went on surprisingly well with Silas and Annie, and she had scarcely accomplished more mischief than breaking the first plate and upsetting the frying pan with the bacon on the floor, when intelligence was brought of the illness of the old man. "Had a stroke—very weak—would rally." They were deeply saddened; and to make things

worse, sciatica, Silas's old tormentor, assailed him in spite of the overshoes, and tied him to his chair. They consoled each other as best they could, but could devise no means of getting comfort to the sick old man, or even a message of sympathy, and were resigning themselves to await further news when Annie rushed in from a neighbor's in great excitement.

"Father, father," she said breathlessly, "Mary Stokes' uncle is going home tomorrow and is to stay a long time in Slowville,—he'll take a letter and anything else we send to grandfather—anything else—he said so."

When the import of the child's incoherent and gasping utterances worked their way into Silas's slow brain he rejoiced, tho' not without some feeling akin to misery, for he would have to tell this messenger that the relative he was to seek after was an inmate of the "Poor House."

The business was completed and the stranger, looking at his watch, decided to go on his errand of mercy, and accosted a good-natured looking man who was shovelling coal. "Refuge! did you say—for the poor?" He pushed back his hat from his grimy face and look puzzled.

"I mean Poor House, really you know," said the man with a little hesitation.

The coal man shook his head. "There aint no such concern round here, mister!"

"What do you call it then?" asked the stranger, in evident perplexity.

"Call what?"

"Why, the building where you keep poor people, old people, you understand, who haven't any home!"

Light broke over the black face, and he grinned. "Guess it's the jail you're after, mister; that's the place."

"The jail!" almost shouted the stranger, "you don't mean that there's no place to put people who are poor and old, and haven't committed any crime—but the jail!"

"That's about the size of it?" said the coal heaver, not without some appearance of appreciation of the stranger's astonishment, and resumed his work. The man stood reflectively for a moment and then asked for the whereabouts of this building, and in a few minutes stood at the door of the office.

"Yes," the jailor said, "there is an old man here by that name—a rather decent old fellow; has never quite taken to the surroundings; keeps pretty much to himself; rather downcast in fact. Like to see him? His term's nearly over now, I fancy—don't think he'll stand another stroke, poor fellow."

They passed the iron doors with their ponderous locks, where sullen, defiant and vile faces peered, jeered or scowled, into a little bare cell. The stranger, with feelings strongly agitated between indignation and pity, stood for a moment contemplating the little shrunken figure, sitting bent forward with his face to the little grated window and his hands on his knees. He did not look round as they entered. The jailor went forward and putting his hand kindly on his shoulder spoke to him. "Well, old man, here's a

a fri
we
Bu
T
hor
coa
the
grey
gold
tou

F
litt
wa
thr
sor
mo
ou
trou
the
no
as
op
ce
re
su
la
m

th
b
a
h
w

a friend come to enquire after your welfare,—see!"

But he was dead.

The uninitiated stranger stood in horror at the scene. A chorus of coarse laughter smote their ears from the adjoining cell, and then the strong grey western sky parted and a rich, golden flood entered the grated window, touching the red muffler, the white

locks, the wrinkles, and wrapping the shrivelled form of the outcast in a parting caress. But much as he had loved it, he had exchanged it for the glory of the "unseen and eternal." There was nothing now but the pine box—the solitary vehicle—the tearless funeral.

"Rattle his bones, over the stones,
He's only a pauper that nobody owns."

A REMINISCENCE.

BY E. M. BALMER.

FROM the window of my study, above close brick walls, just a little square of sky is seen. But the warmth of morning sunshine comes through that opening; across it a bird sometimes darts, and at night the quiet moon is there. I would not have the outlook widened, to obtrude a scene of trolley-cars and busy city life upon the pictures of memory that can come now with freshness undimmed. To-day, as the snow-flakes fall from my bit of open sky with the sadness of winter's certain coming, I am led to muse regretfully upon the scenes of vanished summers, and the brightest of these landscapes of my recollection shows me fair Freiburg in Baden.

The conventional tourist, following the exacting itinerary sketched for him by Cook, does not find this place among the famous cities marked on his railway coupons. When he is midway on his swift express-journey from

Heidelberg to Lucerne, he may perhaps not even chance to look up as he is carried past this haunt of quiet beauty, with its lovely cathedral tower standing against peaceful green hills, and its tree-encircled homes clustering about. But to those who do not follow the beaten paths of continental travel, who care not to see the endless exhibits of man's skill massed in foreign shops and art-galleries, and who prefer one of nature's quieter nooks, I would urge a visit to fairest Freiburg in Baden.

Here the fever of living is cooled by the breath of an air as sweet and fresh as that of the Scotch hills. The mediæval quaintness of the central and older part of the town prompts to a reverie of bygone times that is marred by the sight of no incongruities, for the stately modern homes, standing on the outskirts of the city, are attuned to the peace of the scene they have

chosen. Here is no scene for the typical sight-seer to revel in ; but here is "a season of calm weather" for the soul to have sight of beauty that will abide for refreshing in life's dullest days.

Of the memory-pictures of Freiburg proper, the most attractive is that which recalls a climb upon the Schlossberg, a hill rising abruptly behind the city. At one turn we come to an opening in the trees, and get, from the south-east, a glimpse of the town lying below. There, in the oval framed around by the delicate leaves, stands the grand old Gothic minster, with red-roofed houses crowding close about its base, the lower part of the tower standing clear against the hazy westward distances, and the fine lace-work of its spire reaching into the clear upper blue of the picture's oval. You will wish, it is true, to know that cathedral more closely, to stand upon the square beside it and read the wonders of its stone-work, to mount its graceful tower for view of the horizon's farthest beauties ; but the treasure of after remembrance will be this vision seen in summer's halo through foliage of the hillside.

Another picture, pleasant to memory, is that of the Waldsee, a tiny, smooth lake hidden among the wooded hills, an hour's walk from Freiburg. But the scene of my recollection is here a lively one, for it is Sunday afternoon ; the water is crowded with boats and the shore is lined with on-lookers. Family groups are here making holiday ; young soldiers are laughing together, and here and there,

among the young girls, one sees the picturesque peasant costume for preservation of which this district is marked. Here, by the Waldsee, is the child-spirit of frank abandonment to innocent pleasure.

A third scene is of a sweep of green hills, reached by a short railway-journey from Freiburg, toward the Black Forest country. The trip is an interesting one. First we pass through wide, sunny fields, ca'lled in picturesque German speech, Himmelreich. Then, soon, the view is narrowed ; the landscape grows darker and more rugged. From the car-window, we can scarcely see the tops of the cliffs towering above us. We are passing through the Hollenthal, slowly creeping through tunnels and along the edge of rocky heights. At Hollsteig we leave the train and roam about on the pathways of the hills, climbing upward to the region of purest air and widest outlook. On the topmost grassy slope, a grave little Hirtenknebe is watching his few goats and cows. In the tinkle of the bell of this mountain-flock there is for us more music than in stateliest tones of cathedral organ, for it but marks the silence that lies in this heart of the hills. Almost the only signs of man's habitation are the Gasthaus in the green hollow far below and the tiny, white chapel nestling in dark trees. Beyond these again, rise hills upon hills, dark-green and hushed in sober stillness. If life's duties are to carry the tourist back to the din of a busy city, where, perchance, the only forest-message comes to him through a lone, last elm-tree standing with

cha
let
Ba

V
X
tel
sw
An
my
ar
Ca
no
te
th
an

st
sa
fi
sa
re
se
th
n
L
c
G
v
C
L
a

charred trunk in some vacant lot, then let him turn aside awhile from the Babylons of Europe and look, with

soul awake, upon these South German hills, to win the blessing of their silent beauty.

AN AFTER-DINNER YARN.

BY KATHARINE M'LAGAN M'KENZIE.

WE had been sitting round the open fire, smoking. It was Xmas Eve. Cambell had just finished telling us a tall ghost story, which he swore was true. I could hear Doc Anderson chaffing him about it, but my thoughts were far away. I was aroused from my reverie by hearing Cambell say, "So you think there is no sixth sense, do you? I know better." I looked round startled. "Bailey thinks you are a little 'off,' Cambell, and so do I," Doc said carelessly.

A new note in Cambell's voice had stirred some old memories long since sadly buried in my heart. I am fifty-five, Cambell is twenty-eight; yet, if a sad, broken-down old man and a gay, rollicking lad with never a care or a sorrow, can be friends, we have been that for ten long years—no, for only nine—for he is so much changed that I have had a new lad to love this year—such an earnest, steady lad, full of determination to redeem the past. One of Cambell's old chums walked up street with me the other day—Cambell was on the other side. "What has got into Cambell, anyway?" he asked me confidentially. "He won't touch a drop of anything, and as for

going anywhere that isn't first cousin to a church you might as well ask your grandmother."

But to come back to the present. Cambell was saying, "I guess you two fellows have often wondered what has made me so different this last year. Well, I'm going to tell you—and when I am through you may believe or not in what I call the sixth sense. Now don't interrupt me; I'll try to tell it straight. One year ago today I was in a restless mood and I wandered all over the town. I had a strange feeling of impending evil. I did not know what to do with myself. You were away, Bailey. In the evening I went over to your place, Doc. I remember you met me at the door and asked where I got my long face. 'Go in and see Nell; she has a long face, too, and misery loves company, you know,' you laughed.

"Miss Nell certainly seemed unlike herself. She was restless, and looked unhappy. Conversation dragged. The feeling of danger and of impending evil deepened; I grew desperate, Miss Nell's manner became more and more constrained. My mind was a blank, I tried to speak, but all I could think

was, 'Rose of my heart I love you,'—and I dared not say that. As the moments passed this strange feeling intensified; in my distress I instinctively cried to God for help. All at once the years rolled back; in one of those odd soul illuminations of which I have often read, I saw what lay between Miss Nell and myself—it was the dead body of poor Polly."

His voice choked, his eyes were dim. We waited in silent sympathy. We knew the story—it is too long to tell here. Poor lad! the heart he had so madly wooed and won at twenty he had thrown away at twenty-three. And Polly—broken-hearted Polly—had drowned herself in wild despair, and on the next day but one her body had drifted into shore. He went on tremblingly, "It was the great temptation of my life; the devil whispered two or three versions of the story in my ear—all *partly* true, too. Another voice said, 'Now is the time; don't delay; tell the whole truth.' I rose and walked over to where Nell was sitting—something seemed to guide me. I said—or rather a voice said, 'Miss Nell, I love you with all my heart and soul, but I dare not ask you to be my wife until I have told you something.' I thought the voices would be still if I were near my love, but they kept right on. 'Tell the whole truth,' said the one, solemnly. 'What! Lose the girl you love, mocked the other. 'She will hate and despise you. It is not at all necessary that she should know the whole truth. Tell her—' 'Would you perjure your soul?' interrupted the other voice, sternly.

"In despair I began to tell her the story, the two voices each prompting me. Word by word they fought for the mastery. Stumblingly, with Nell's hands firmly clasped in mine to give me courage, I told the whole bitter, shameful truth.

"Since then Nell has told me that all that day she had had a sense of impending evil—doubts of me flashed through her mind; unformed suspicions clung to her consciousness, and in the evening when I called a mocking voice whispered, 'Ask him about Polly.' Distressed, torn by conflicting emotions, she too had cried to God for help. He heard us both I know, for the voices ceased."

"That is a very odd story" Doc. remarked when Cambell paused. "It certainly was a temptation of the devil, but that is common enough."

"But you have not heard the whole story yet," my lad interrupted. "The next day Nell received a letter from a person who had been a friend of Polly's. She apologized for her interference by saying that, though she was almost a stranger to Nell, some unseen force impelled her to lay the facts of the case before her that very night. The letter was dated December 23rd—that is the night before Xmas Eve. The writing of that letter was a fiendish act I think, and so does Nell."

"But if the letter were written the night before Xmas Eve, how was it that it did not reach Nell until Xmas Day," her brother objected.

"Nell forgot to send for her mail that day—at least you would say

'forgot.' I maintain that her sixth sense took possession of the field and saved us both."

He stopped abruptly. We two smoked on in silence—Cambell never touches a pipe now-a-days. I thought wonderingly over my lad's story. Had the Prince of Darkness prompted Nell to ask Cambell about Polly, at the same time tempting him to lie to her so that she would hate him when she learned the truth from that letter? Then he must have known about the letter lying in the post office even then. Does he really know everything, then? was my next thought. I turned wearily away from these perplexing questions and fell to dreaming.

As I looked back along the years, many Xmas Eves passed before me. Sorrowfully I pushed them away from me, back into the dimness of the past. I was groping about for last Xmas Eve, when suddenly a vivid flash of understanding swept across me and made clear to me the wherefore of Cambell's story. In my surprise I sprang out of my chair; the two men looked up and Cambell said, "What has struck you now, old man?"

"I have the solution of your story," I answered. "Now listen and see if you don't think so, too. You remember when I was in Sackville last year? Well, as I was coming out of The Arlington one night I almost ran into Van Tromp. I tried to get away from him—I always disliked the man. He had a pretty good jag on, but still his mind was quite clear. He began enquiring for all his old friends and asked particularly for your sister, Doc, who, you

remember, refused him without much ceremony. Just to tease him. I mentioned that Dame Rumour said that Miss Nell was likely to marry Cambell. His face changed instantly; he sprang out of his chair and swore a great oath that Cambell should never marry her. "I have sold myself to the devil, and he shall help me this time or"—here followed more oaths and adjurations to his Satanic Majesty—"I shall know why," he muttered as he flung himself out of the room. "When was that?" Doc questioned eagerly. "It was *the night before Xmas Eve*, one year ago." "Do you think Satan—" Doc hesitated—"O pshaw! I don't." "The night before Xmas Eve," exclaimed Cambell, white with excitement, "the night before the devil tried to get me to lie to Nell about Polly,—the night he tempted Nell to question me about Polly,—the night that woman wrote that letter to Nell. By jove! He worked hard that night. I always did think some angel of darkness, if not Satan himself, impelled that woman to write that letter,—now I know it."

"So you actually believe that his Satanic Majesty responded to Van Tromp's demand and at once set to work to make trouble between you and Nell?" Doc questioned smilingly.

"That is exactly what I believe," Cambell answered stoutly. Doc looked at me with an inquiring air.

"As for me, I agree with Cambell," I replied, in response to his look, "I believe that the devil is true to his own."

"Well! what is the end of the

story, Cambell? It's the end I am interested in"—Doc smiled quizzically. "From what I have seen last year I should judge that the E. One has had his hands full in trying to keep you and Nell apart. Where are you going? What's your hurry?"

Cambell was putting on his coat. "I am going to get the end of the story for you," my lad teasingly replied. Then he added shyly, "I am going to get Nell's answer tonight." "Nell's answer?" we repeated stupidly. "Yes. The answer to the question I asked her last Xmas Eve," he explained, with shining eyes and heightened color.

Doc and I sat over the fire wrapped in thought till the clock struck ten—I

silent with an old man's happiness; empty in following my dear lad in his young. Half wistfully I imagined his passionate caresses, his tender words, for I knew that Nell loved him. How did I know? I know because his dear love poured out her heart to me not so very long ago, sitting by the fire in her own study. "And you promise to let me be your friend always?" she said lovingly, taking my old worn hands in her young strong ones. "I promise," I answered solemnly.

The memory of that promise lies in my heart tonight like a fragrant flower, and unconsciously I whisper, "Rose of my heart, I too love you."

A NEW DAY.

BY HELEN FAIRBAIRN.

DURING a summer holiday spent on the Maine coast, I was possessed with a strong desire to witness the sun "rising out of the sea," and for that purpose arose early one fine morning and walked a mile or two through dew-damp pine woods, to the rough, rocky shore, whence we could look across miles of rippling water to the eastern horizon.

Gradually the tender tints brightened and spread until the sun's fiery rim appeared, dipping up from the grey waters, and as it rose quickly, straight from its blinding glory to the rocks at our feet fell a glorious pathway of red kindling with gold. A new day had

dawned. I felt then, dimly it is true, the sacredness of that thought. A new day? What grand possibilities it held—what direful certainties it would bring to many!

Now as we stand at the portals of another year, the same thought comes to me, but with the added force of a keener knowledge of life. A new day—a new year—a new life? George Eliot says:—"There are new eras in one's life that are equivalent to youth; are something better than youth." And this New Year may be such a new era to many of us; full of noble thought, firm purpose, unselfish endeavor. A year which will hold no mean day, no

matter how outwardly mean and sor-
did may be the tasks which fill it.

And as Christmas comes before the New Year, so Christ must come before the new life—must be the great first cause of it. For if the new life, even though built carefully upon very high human principle and effort, be not a spiritual life, or in other words the outcome of a close friendship with Christ, it may fail us at any time and dwindle again to a cheap, tawdry existence, instead of the ideal thing for which we longed.

And this spiritual life is such a beau-

tiful possibility, such a comforting reality, despite the schools of unbelief and worldliness. I know people—we all do—whose physical existence I would as soon doubt as their spiritual life. Each one of these is a visible theorem by which God proves to the world His power and His love, and it seems as though in the very halo of beauty which surrounds them He was writing the "*Quod erat demonstrandum.*"

May such a New Life dawn for many with the coming of the New Year.

LIFE'S PARADOX.

The Mother knows
A barn's rude shelter in her travail hour.
She lays her baby soft where with less power
The night wind blows.
Outside earth's wild heart calms, her discords cease,
The world breathes welcome to the King of Peace.

A wailing cry
Through the black stillness, and the cattle move
Uneasily, and the pale Mother's love
Breathes lullaby.
Outside bright choirs hymn th' Eternal Word,
The God who speaks and angel hearts are stirred.

Two tiny hands
Feeble and powerless drop in helpless wise
On the hard straw, and the pale Mother ties
The swaddling-bands.
Outside the heavens are white with myriad wings
And angel hosts adore the King of Kings.

* * * *

SOPHIE M. ALMON-HENSLEY.

EDITORS REMARKS.

The following is taken from a recent issue of one of our local papers :

"THE CRIME OF BEING OLD AND BLIND.

"It is not generally known that there is a person in the Stratford gaol who has been there eleven years, but such is the case, * * * an old Englishman, who is in gaol for the unpardonable crime of being old and blind. He formerly belonged to St. Marys where he worked for many days as a mason, but when he became blind he had no alternative than to go to the hospitable Stratford gaol where he has resided ever since. In gaol he has to follow the same rules as criminals."

Incidents like this are of such frequent occurrence, and are passed over with such apparent indifference, that it is to be concluded the public mind has grown callous to the disgrace involved in their publication. One grows accustomed to anything in course of time, and the most charitable supposition is that the people of Perth have so long been aware that the aged and helpless poor of the county, who are literally dependent upon them for food and shelter, are shut up in the gaol because there is no other place to put them, that they have ceased to realize the enormity of such a state of affairs.

Last winter when Chattelle was in the Stratford gaol the building was an object of horror and aversion to the entire community; people passed it

with a shudder, or avoided it altogether; the curious pointed out the window of the murderer's cell as they would have regarded the cage of some ferocious wild beast; public indignation rose to such a height that there was even talk of resorting to lynch-law in preference to supporting the existence of the man for six months. How many of our citizens, how many of the farmers who came in to the trial and expressed themselves so strongly on the subject, realised that in that very building, with the murderer of Jessie Keith, and with all the other criminals of the county, were men and women who had once been respectable and independent, and who had been guilty of no crime whatever but that of growing old?

Has it ever occurred to any of the respectable ratepayers of Perth to ask themselves whether it was due to any merit of their own that a similar fate did not await them in their old age? To have honestly toiled through a long and weary life; to have lost home and relatives through no fault of one's own; to have reached the foot of the hill, alone and friendless, and then—at the end of it all—to be shut up in a common prison with murderers and thieves! Have we any right to impose such humiliation of soul and body on our fellow-creatures simply because they

are at our mercy and must take what we choose to give them or starve?

There is food for reflection in the idea suggested by Miss Machar in her poem at the beginning of our number, that the savage custom of putting the old and helpless to death is after all a truer form of charity, for that mode of disposing of them at least involves no moral degradation to the victim. Could a stranger, like Mr. Howell's Altrurian Traveller for instance, or any one else not versed in our eccentric little inconsistencies, pay a visit to Stratford, he might be very apt to remark that the spectacle of guilty and innocent thus placed upon an equality offered no very strong inducement to any poor man to lead a strictly upright life, seeing that his end is likely to be the same in any case.

If the eyes of our ratepayers could be opened to their true position, and they could be made to see their criminal negligence in having so long allowed this state of affairs to continue, the House of Refuge would soon become an established fact. Whether its erection shall be begun at once, or ten, fifteen, twenty years hence, depends solely on how soon the necessity for it is realized. To stir up a sentiment in favor of its immediate erection ; to awaken the minds of the people to the crying need for such a building ; to rouse them to *think* so that they may be led to *act*, has been the aim of a number of charitably disposed people for the past two or three years. If our "Green Holly" can but carry this message into every household in the County of Perth, and

amid our Christmas festivities and happy family gatherings, awaken in all of us a resolve to spare a fraction of our abundance so that those who are deprived of these blessings may not have to spend another Christmas under the same roof as the outcasts of our society, its mission will be accomplished and this blot on our good name speedily removed.

The present fad of collecting information about the personal habits and characteristics of popular writers and composers is being carried to excess by some of the later American magazines. The most trivial utterances of these objects of a passing worship, the smallest item referring to their daily lives or their personal appearance, is elaborated into a spicy paragraph to catch the eye of the passing reader ; and nothing seems too slight or unimportant to find a place in these literary scrap-bags. It is easy to fall into the habit of skimming these attractive and gossipy pages, and to waste much time acquiring information which is of no practical value. Not that personal details are altogether undesirable. Methods of work are always interesting and often instructive ; provided the individual in question has achieved sufficient greatness to make his methods worth inquiring into. And all of us have our favorites, about whom we want to know all there is to know, unwarned by sad experience that our idols have too often feet of clay. But these are among the great ones of the earth, and they are not many. That must be indeed a mighty

spirit into whose daily life and intercourse we can look with intimate scrutiny, and keep our adoration unshaken. Even a photograph is too often a disappointment to the ideal which we have formed in our own mind. Can any true lover of George Eliot look upon her portrait without experiencing a sort of shock? And it is hard to reconcile the divine harmonies of the "Messiah" with the coarse, repulsive features of Handel.

The popular taste, however, demands information about its favorites, and the Magazines referred to are catering to that demand in a manner which calls for some criticism. Not content with filling up in this manner that portion of their space which might be more profitably devoted to criticism of books or events, some of these Magazines have begun to publish articles purporting to be interviews with people who are enjoying a temporary notoriety. These articles are profusely illustrated with "views" of the celebrity under discussion, representing him or her in various attitudes, with such titles as: "So-and-So in repose," "In deep thought," "Consulting a watch to see what time it is," or—an unfailingly popular one—"In the agonies of composition," the particular work in process of creation being invariably designated. That these articles "take" with a certain class of readers is proved by the evident prosperity of the Magazines which publish them; but it is a pity that the reproach which American journalism has justly brought upon itself by this sort of thing should have to be extended to

publications which are supposed to represent a higher class of literature than the daily or weekly newspaper.

One is compelled to wonder whether the men and women whose lives and habits are thus exposed to the public gaze have really allowed themselves to be photographed or sketched in the performance of their most trivial pursuits, or whether the artist has allowed his imagination to run riot, and produce a series of fancy-pictures of "genius at home." If the latter is the case, the extremes to which the American news-gatherer is capable of proceeding are even greater than we imagined; but if the former supposition be true it is scarcely necessary to remark that any budding genius whose head is thus far turned so early in his career is not likely to accomplish anything of true or lasting value in the future. Public curiosity will sate itself on these details, but it soon tires of one favorite, and perpetually demands something new. If this class of work is to be done at all it should be left to the newspapers and considered beneath the dignity which is supposed to belong to a monthly magazine.

The number of musical clubs and societies is constantly increasing, showing a widespread musical activity among us that is a hopeful sign for the future. Yet in spite of the growing interest in matters musical, and the enthusiasm manifested over great singers or players, the number of really musical people remains limited. The larger the city the greater in proportion of course will this number be; but in any musi-

cal organization there will be found relatively few who live the inner life of music,—who have penetrated beyond the outer courts of the temple where dwells the Goddess whom they serve. How many people honestly and truly appreciate and enjoy a Bach Prelude and Fugue, or a Wagner motif? It is not enough to be a good performer; it is not even enough to be an enthusiast; for, strange as it may seem, one meets people who combine both these qualities and yet are many hopeless removes from being real musicians. If to enthusiasm and technical ability be added an understanding mind, much may be accomplished; but we have known people who could neither play nor sing enough to be worth speaking about, who had more of the genuine musician soul than half of those whose names are familiar to the public as artists. It is an inseparable part of the very nature of music, that there are no words to describe what the "one thing needful" is. For music and language have little or nothing to do with each other. Musical compositions may be translated into words, but it will be found that the interpretation given them by one individual will not do for another,—the meaning is different for different minds. When language fails, when all words fall from us, impotent and meaningless before the heights and depths of thought, here is where the true province of music begins. No one has ever so well expressed this transcendent quality of music as Browning. A musician himself, as well as a poet, he has come

nearer to making language accomplish this peculiar function of music—that of uttering the unutterable—than any poet before or after him. No thought so profound or so high but Browning plunges after it, or soars boldly at it, and whether he always succeeds in grasping and conveying it to paper or not, he is at all events never daunted from the attempt. In "Abt Vogler" he has made a more than usually daring effort to translate the thoughts and feelings of a musician into words; and one or two stanzas of that poem stand unequalled as a definition—so far as that can be defined which is indefinable—of the divine properties of music.

"But here is the finger of God, a flash
of the will that can,
Existent behind all laws; that made
them, and, lo, they are!
And I know not if, save in this, such
gift be allowed to man,
That out of three sounds he frame,
not a fourth sound, but a star.

Consider it well: each tone of our
scale in itself is nought;
It is everywhere in the world—loud,
soft, and all is said:
Give it to me to use! I mix it with
two in my thoughts,
And, there! Ye have heard and seen:
consider and bow the head!

Rubbish? To the uninitiated, yes.
But a little farther on in the same poem
he says,—and all true musicians are
grateful to him for having said it:

"But God has a few of us whom he
whispers in the ear;
The rest may reason and welcome;
'tis we musicians know."

AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

Who would not be merry at Christmas time,
And banish all worry at Christmas time !
The fountain of cheer

From the heart of the year
When earth lieth sere is the Christmas time !

'Tis wise to be merry at Christmas time,
All malice to bury at Christmas time,
All envy and strife

To put out of each life,
That joy may be ripe at the Christmas time !

'Tis well to be merry at Christmas time,
To open our hearts at the Christmas time,
That love and good-will

Every corner may fill,
And vanquish all ill at the Christmas time !

'Tis good to be merry at Christmas time,
To open our hands at the Christmas time,
That some who are sad

May by us be made glad,
And glorify God at the Christmas time !

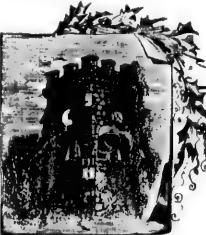
'Tis meet to be merry at Christmas time,
In a Christian land at the Christmas time,
Where gladness and mirth

Since that wonderful birth,
Have ruled o'er the hearth at the Christmas time !

And while we rejoice at the Christmas time,
Let this with the peal of our glad bells chime :
All glory to God

For the love that He showed
In the gift He bestowed at the Christmas time !

M. A. MAITLAND.



BOOKS RECEIVED.

Mary Agnes FitzGibbon is well known to the Canadian public as a writer of historical sketches, and an undoubted authority on all matters pertaining to Canadian history. Her latest book, "A Veteran of 1812," has been so often and favorably reviewed that further comment on it would be superfluous. We desire merely to call our readers' attention to it, both as an excellent study of the character and work of the soldier whose biography it is, and on account of its clear, graphic and forcible style, and the accuracy of historical research which it displays. It is a book of which Canadians should feel justly proud, and we hope that it will meet with the appreciation it deserves.

We would also call attention to the forthcoming new edition of "Pine, Rose and Fleur de Lis," by Seranus, (S. Frances Harrison). This volume of Canadian poetry, on its first appearance, received very high praise from the English and American press. It is to be re-issued in handsome binding by Messrs. Hart & Riddell, 27 Wellington St. West, Toronto, and should form a most acceptable and beautiful Christmas gift.

Most of us are familiar with the delightful little books now being published by T. Fisher Unwin, under the names of the Autonym and Pseudonym Libraries. At first sight one is not favorably impressed with these narrow little volumes ; they look like

"A Veteran of 1812," by Mary Agnes FitzGibbon, Toronto: William Briggs, Price \$1.00.

mere strips, as if an ordinary book had been cut lengthwise down the middle ; but practical experience of their convenient size and shape for holding in the hand or tucking into the coat pocket or travelling bag, speedily convinces us of the admirable wisdom and judgment shown in their production.

Of the five volumes before us the most noteworthy is "Kafir Stories," by Charles Scully. These stories are strikingly told in a clear, concise style, with a terseness of diction that sometimes reminds us of Kipling. But, though undoubtedly powerful, they are all, with the exception of the last, which is a slightly humorous sketch, so sombre as to be painful, and one or two—notably "Ghamba," and "Umti-gati," are distinctly revolting. An undertone of half-cynical, half-humorous pessimism runs through all of them, at times rising to bitterness, especially at the conclusion of each story. The effect of the entire book is depressing, yet one feels that it is a truthful if a one-sided picture of life in that mysterious land of darkness and savage rites ; and no one who can appreciate graphic story-telling and vivid power of description will lay the volume down without finishing it.

The element of gloom and pessimism also pervades the novel by Ouida in this series, but here it becomes, as is very often the case with Ouida, morbid and unwholesome to the last degree.

"Kafir Stories," by William Charles Scully ; "Cause and Effect," by Ellinor Meirion ; "Toxin," by Ouida ; "The Spectre of Strathannan," by W. E. Norris ; "Molly Darling, and Other Stories," by Mrs. Hungerford, London: T. Fisher Unwin, Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Ltd.

"Toxin" is an attack on the scientific spirit,—cold, unfeeling, heartless,—as opposed to all that is joyous and gay and happy with the thoughtless happiness of birds and flowers. Ouida is always picturesque and poetic, and in beauty of style and artistic conception the little sketch before us leaves nothing to be desired; but the character of Damer is overdrawn, and the ending is brutal and unnatural. The illustrations which embellish the story are particularly fine, and add greatly to the attractiveness of the volume.

"Cause and Effect," by Ellinor Meirion, is another story which produces a painful impression upon us. It is attractively written, and the character drawing, as a whole, is good. The study of Vladimir, the weak, vain, impressionable nature with occasional good and lovable "streaks," and his influence over the ignorant and romantic English girl, is very well done; although, perhaps, the interesting Russian with Nihilistic tendencies has been a little overworked in modern fiction. Given such material to start on, with a foolish mamma and a somewhat pig-headed curate in the background, the denouement could not fail to be a sad one. With the exception of one or two scenes the plot is well worked out, and we see that the conclusion is inevitable—while regretting the taste, as of dust and ashes, it leaves in our mouths.

Quite a different atmosphere surrounds the collection of short stories by "The Duchess," who, by the way, appears under her own name of Mrs. Hungerford. The Duchess is too well-known to require any comment. All who have not wearied of the graceful style and charming, if slightly monoton-

"The Despotic Lady," by W. E. Norris. London: Methuen's Colonial Library. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Ltd.

ous, society sketches of this seemingly inexhaustible writer will read with pleasure "Molly Darling, and Other Stories," in this dainty little series.

In "The Spectre of Strathannan," by W. E. Norris, we have a collection of sketches and "situations," most of them amusing, and all more or less improbable. "The Room Without a Door" is perhaps the best, and "The Scamp's Parable" deals some home-truths at the doctrine of Eternal Punishment. The style is attractive, and the book will beguile half-an-hour very pleasantly.

Another collection of stories by the last named author is published in "Methuen's Colonial Library," under the title of "The Despotic Lady and Others." The two last are decidedly the best; "The Hermit of Saint-Eugene," as an example of simple pathos; and "An Unresolved Discord," as a character study. There is plenty of variety in the stories, and the style is pleasant and agreeable.

"College Girls," by Abbe Carter Goodloe, is, as the title indicates, a series of sketches descriptive of girls' life and work at the larger Universities in the United States. Some of the sketches have appeared before in various magazines; the rest are now published for the first time. The collection is interesting as giving an insight into the surroundings and manner of life of the girl students, opening to the uninitiated a view of an unknown and entirely foreign world. To the girls who are familiar with that world, who can look back on their college days and criticise the truthfulness of the descriptions, the book will be doubly welcome, recalling a host of memories

"College Girls," by Abbe Carter Goodloe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Ltd.

and associations, and carry them back to the days that, to most of them at any rate, were the happiest of their lives. The stories are not all of equal merit. "La Belle Helene" and "An Episode" have only the slenderest connection with College life, though, to be sure, the heroines are College girls. "An Aquarelle," "Revenge," "Miss Rose," and "The Genius of Bowlder Bluff," are most distinctly imbued with the real College spirit; while "As Told by Her," is one of the very best, placing in vivid and forcible contrast the retired and solitary life of the distinguished Professor, covered with glory and honors, and devoted to her books, and that of the ordinary, half-educated girl of average abilities, who has loved and suffered—and lived. The problem of a woman's life is stated in few words, and the conclusion drawn—whether correctly or not—is that "life is everything; that all that she can learn in a hundred times the four years of her college course is but the least part of what life and nature can teach her."

"The Flower of England's Face," by Julia C. R. Dorr, is one of the daintiest little volumes we have seen for a long time. It is the journal of a rambling trip through England, Scotland, and Wales; written in an easy, graceful style, which is thoroughly enjoyable. Pleasant descriptions, heightened by historical touches here and there, and varied by plenty of amusing incidents, make the book a most agreeable little companion to take with one on a journey of this kind. It is beautifully bound and printed, and at the same time small enough to be easily carried in one's pocket.

"The Herons," by Helen Ship-

"The Flower of England's Face," by Julia C. R. Dorr. New York and London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Ltd.

ton, is a novel upon the good old-fashioned plan. There is the eldest son who has sinned past forgiveness and been turned out by his irate parent, and his younger brother, the father's favorite, who generously refuses to be made the heir, and does all kinds of chivalrous and romantic things to help the starving wife and children of the scoundrel. The inevitable love-story which forms the background runs no more smoothly than the course of true love was ever wont to do; there are the usual minor complications; and at the end the threads are skilfully gathered together and straightened out in the most approved fashion. The characters are very slightly sketched, but the plot is quite interesting, and fairly well worked up.

"The Lovely Malincourt," by Helen Mathers, is an example of the danger of "writing oneself out." The general character of the plot may be gathered from the quotation at the beginning. "God sets but two players down to the game of love. The other Man, the other Woman, who hover about the board, do but hinder and spoil the game." There is nothing particularly original in the way the other man and the other woman are disposed of in this case; the woman relents and the man, or rather the men, for their name is legion, are simply ignored; and all difficulties being removed, the hero and heroine are happily married, and everything ends satisfactorily.

Charlotte M. Yonge is an author who has written for three generations.

"The Herons," by Helen Shipton, London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Ltd.

"The Lovely Malincourt," by Helen Mathers, London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Ltd.

"The Long Vacation," by Charlotte M. Yonge, London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Ltd.

In our younger days we shed tears over "The Heir of Redclyffe," and followed with breathless interest the unwinding of the many links of the Daisy Chain ; and now, in the preface to her latest work, "The Long Vacation," the veteran author, as she justly styles herself, hopes that the book may be of interest to "those who have sympathised in early days with Beechcroft, Stoneborough and Vale Leston, when they were peopled with the outcome of a youthful mind, and that they may be ready to look with interest on the perplexities and successes attending on the matured characters in after years."

We are glad to learn from the dedication, "To my Brother, Sir Thornley Stoker, President of the Royal College of Surgeons in Ireland," on the title page of "The Shoulder of Shasta," by Bram Stoker, that the author has some respectable connections; but it is a pity that they do not endeavor to check his literary proclivities, and to restrain him from rushing into print equipped with so slender a knowledge of life and human nature—to say nothing of the art of writing prose—as his book displays. We would strongly advise Bram Stoker to make a careful study of the works of Thomas Hardy, and after that to take a course of Bret Harte, and to pray that his understanding may be opened, and the windows of his soul unclosed, that he may trifle no more in this cheerful manner with the mysteries of the human heart and of the English language.

"Forest, Lake and Prairie," by John McDougall, is a book for boys, and cannot fail to interest the class of

"The Shoulder of Shasta," by Bram Stoker, London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Ltd.

"Forest, Lake and Prairie," by John McDougall, Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00.

readers for whom it is intended. It is full of incident, often thrilling; intensely patriotic; and vividly descriptive of the hardships of the early settlers in the North West; while if the moral purpose is at times slightly obtrusive that is a fault on the right side, and easily pardoned. Far more serious are the too frequent lapses of grammar and the excessive use of colloquialisms, which detract greatly from the literary merit of the book. "English as she is spoke" by the average school boy is quite bad enough; but if he has before him no higher model of "English as she is wrote" than such sentences as "Father sent William and I," or "In order to keep warm we should lay perfectly still," there is small chance of his improvement. A carefully revised and corrected edition of "Forest, Lake and Prairie" would make a most suitable and welcome Christmas gift for any boy.

"Etchings from a Parsonage Verandah," by Mrs. E. Jeffers Graham, is another book by a Canadian writer. It is beautifully bound, printed on excellent paper, and illustrated by the well-known artist J. W. Bengough. The author makes no pretensions to literary style; she aims simply at giving a faithful picture of the incidents that occur at the Parsonage, and in the lives of the minister and his wife. Some of her sketches are gently humorous, and all of them are pervaded by a deeply religious earnestness and fervor.

Old friends are always welcome, doubly so in a new and attractive guise. Macmillan and Co.'s reprints of standard authors are most acceptable, and should meet with a hearty recognition from the public. Kingsley's works

"Etchings From a Parsonage Verandah," by Mrs. E. Jeffers Graham, Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00.

appeal
bound
we h
"Orn
Thac
cock'
Castl
bury
with

"Al
and N
Copp,

"Or
New
Copp,
"M
Thom
Macn
Ltd.

appear in a pocket edition, excellently bound and printed; and in a larger size we have received Miss Edgeworth's "Ormond," with preface by Anne Thackeray Ritchie; Thomas Love Peacock's "Maid Marian," and "Crotchet Castle," with an introduction by Saintsbury; and Marryat's "Peter Simple," with preface by David Hannay. The

"Alton Locke," by Charles Kingsley, London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Ltd.

"Ormond," by Maria Edgeworth, London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Ltd.

"Maid Marian" and "Crotchet Castle," by Thomas Love Peacock, London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Ltd.

abundant illustrations by Carl Schloesser, F. H. Townsend and J. Ayton Symington add much to the attractiveness and value of these delightful volumes.

The same firm have issued reprints of Hardy's complete works in their well-known Colonial Library. "A Pair of Blue Eyes" is the last volume of the series.

"Peter Simple," by Captain Marryat, London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Ltd.

"A Pair of Blue Eyes," by Thomas Hardy, London: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Ltd.

"Hypatia," by Charles Kingsley, London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Ltd.

TWILIGHT LULLABY.

In the west, the sun is sinking,
Twilight comes.
All the little eyes are blinking,
While the sandman stands there winking
At the little ones.

Weary flowers are gently drooping
In their beds.
Lilies tall their watch are keeping,
Baby violets, almost weeping,
Nod their heads.

In the trees the birds are dreaming
Far on high.
While the wind is softly sighing,
And the golden light is dying,
In the sky.

Now the stars begin to twinkle . . .
Dancing eyes.
And the pale old moon is creeping
Softly—for the birds are sleeping
Gently—for the flowers are weeping—
Up the skies.

Far into a wondrous dreamland,
Baby creeps,
Sweetest bells are ever chiming,
While the fairies are entwining
Baby wreaths.

Life is but the strangest dreamland,
Twilight comes.
Weary eyes shall cease their weeping
When the soul is calmly sleeping
Like the little ones.

When beyond the misty shadows
Of the night,
Weary feet shall cease to wander,
And the soul shall soar up yonder
To the Light.

ESTHER TALBOT KINGSMILL.

THROUGH THE WOODS.

Laughing waters that dance and are gone
To run in the boundless sea;
Are you glad because you are flowing on,
Or only glad to be ?

Hushed blue violet, with upward gaze
In the woodland's twilight gloom;
Are you glad because poets have sung your praise,
Or only glad to bloom ?

For a glimpse of the stars do you never long ?
And the sweets of the evening breeze;
When the heavens above are a silent song
Do you sigh for the height of the trees ?

You fern ! do you never wish to bloom ?
You rose ! for the power of song ?
Does the tree not sigh for the flower's perfume
With a yearning great and strong ?

Or is man, only, a slave to pride, to self;
To his passions, his hopes, his desire;
Chained by that burden—his lower self,
And given a soul to aspire ?

AGNES W. PANTON.

BEYOND THE GRAVE.

Beyond the grave in silence vast,
Are those whose mortal life is past ;
From out those halls of darkness deep
They send no word to those who weep
Or stand in solemn awe aghast.

Oh ! are they locked in slumber fast,
Dear souls, whose future lot is cast
In shadow land ? Oh ! do they sleep
Beyond the grave ?

How does their unknown life contrast
With ours ? And will the summoning blast
From out our minds all memory sweep
Of earthly love ? *That* fain we'd keep,
For if *aught* lasts, then love *must* last
Beyond the grave !

CONSTANCE FAIRBANKS.

A WINTER SONG.

FROM THE COMIC OPERA "PTARMIGAN."

All hail to the season that hides the ground
'Neath a comforter deep of snow !
With our snow shoes on we can tramp around
The fields and the forests where health is found,
And merrily sing as we go.

Here's that ! For the man who can stay indoors
When the crust will bear his weight.
He's in love with the books over which he pores,
But far above learning our spirit soars,
For the snow shoer's lord of his fate.

O'er the snow-covered fences we gaily speed,
O'er the frozen ponds and creeks.
When we come to an icy hill—take heed !
Drop down on the snow shoes, they're wings indeed—
'Tis the jolliest one of our freaks.

Now gather around our gay bon-fire,
And whatever else we do,
In this bracing air let us all conspire
To sing a song, while the flames leap higher,
To the trusty old snow shoe.

J. N. McILWRAITH.



THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.



MADAME LAURIER.



LADY THOMPSON.



THE CITADEL AT QUEBEC.

GREEN HOLLY.



The Monarch

AND

Columbias

Have Stood the Test.

THE ONLY WHEELS TO BUY.

Established 1886.



D.F. & C

Established 1886.



Importing Retailers of Dry Goods, Millinery and Mantles

Nos. 9, 11 and 13, Market Street, and 10 Erie Street, Stratford,
and East and West Street, New Hamburg.

In our entire business career we haven't stood still for a moment—always forward—progressing—popularizing. You know what we are thought of to-day. Although almost the youngest firm in the city, we are the biggest buyers and sellers of dry goods in Stratford. Ten years ago we started in a small way in No. 11 Market street, but we have been extending our borders as demanded by our rapidly increasing trade until we have added Nos. 9 and 13 Market street and 10 Erie street, which gives us a selling space equal to one store 230 feet long. All on the ground floor. Silks and fine Dress Goods a specialty.

Terms Cash and One Price. Your money back if you want it.

Duncan Ferguson & Co.

1896 Models in Stock Jan. 1st,

When we shall take pleasure in showing them and explaining their merits.

We have arranged for large shipments early in April. Intending purchasers will do well to order early.

Catalogue for the Asking.

When expending your money do it wisely. Make no mistake. We buy direct from the manufacturer for cash. You save all intermediate profits.

One Price to All.

A. Beattie & Co

IMPORTERS,
Stratford, St. Marys and
Thedford.

GREEN HOLLY.



Departmental Groceries.

“Competition.”

Some merchants are too much afraid of opposition. Competition in business was never meant to assume the form of a scramble or strife—an effort—“by hook or crook” to get trade. True competition will not compel us to sell our goods below cost; but it will induce us to sell our goods at close, reasonable, living profits, to work for the interest of our customers; to remember that we are under obligation to them, to try by energy, truthfulness, honesty, gentlemanly demeanor and feelings of good will towards them, to merit a part of their trade.

“Progression.”

Our track has been steep and hilly,
And with many a heavy grade,
And for those who are following,
You will find it slippery made.
You can get to any station,
That on life's schedule seen,
If there's fire beneath the boiler,
Of ambition's human machine.

“Hustling.”

“All things come to those who wait”
But alas, oftentimes they come too late,
To men of brains and men of muscle,
All things come to those who hustle.

“Green Holly.”

Skill and labor can be seen,
No lack of the trust imposed,
In completing a work “ever green,”
A good work by the promoters.

The Barnsdale Trading Company of Stratford, Ont.

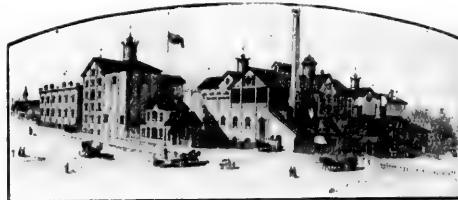
LIMITED.

GREEN HOLLY.

ALE AND STOUT

"Considered dietetically ale possesses a three-fold property: It quenches thirst; it stimulates and cheers; and lastly, it nourishes or strengthens. * * * * From these combined qualities, ale proves a refreshing and salubrious drink (if taken in moderation), and an agreeable and valuable stimulus and support to those who have to undergo much bodily fatigue."—*Dr. Pereira.*

"One of the best beverages that ever were produced."—*Hon. W. E. Gladstone.*



Labatt's Brewery, London

Produces only PURE ALE and STOUT, made from CHOICE BARLEY MALT, the BEST HOPS, and PURE SPRING WATER.

They are of uniform quality winter and summer, and are among the most wholesome of beverages. Certified to be entirely free from acids and all other impurities.

Consult Your Physician About Them

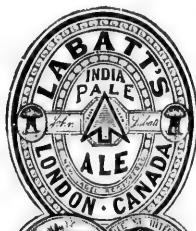
TEN GOLD, SILVER AND BRONZE MEDALS.

TWELVE DIPLOMAS AWARDED

At the World's Great Exhibitions.

Testimonials from Four Eminent Chemists
Furnished on Application.

John Labatt, *Brewer*,
London, Can.



GRREN HOLLY.

The Perth Mutual Fire Insurance Co'y.

HEAD OFFICE:

STRATFORD,

+

ONTARIO.

DIRECTORS AND OFFICERS.

DIRECTORS.

Wm. Davidson, Mayor, Stratford, President.

Wm. Mowat, Banker, Stratford, Vice-President.

Thos, Orr, Stratford,

T, Ballantyne, ex-M, P.P., Stratford,
G. G. McPherson, Stratford,

Joseph Salkeld, Stratford,

George Leversage, Carlingford,
J. D. Mcore, St. Marys,

Andrew Kuhry, Rostock.

James Jones, Mitchell,

H, Doering, Milverton,
Geo, Hyde, Shakespeare,

MANAGER.

Charles Packert.

BANKERS.

Canadian Bank of Commerce.

Are You Thinking of Building

A Kitchen,
A Cottage,
Or a Castle ?

Do not forget that we undertake building contracts, small or large, and execute them with skill and despatch. We supply all kinds of Planing Mill Work, such as Sash, Doors, Blinds, Casings, Base, Flooring, etc. **Interior Wood Work** is our specialty; office, bank and store fittings. Mantels and special furniture made to order in Mahogany, Oak, Walnut, Cherry, Birch, Ash and other woods. Workmanship and finish unsurpassed. Designs and estimates submitted. Our line of Hall Furniture and Parlor Tables for wholesale trade is favorably known to dealers all over the Dominion, and will be found for sale at local retail warerooms.

Porteous & McLagan

Planing Mill and Furniture Factory,

STRATFORD.

Der Canadische Kolonist

Has a large circulation
among the Germans
in the counties of Perth
and Huron and is
therefore.....

A Desirable Advertising Medium.

\$1.25 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

Job Printing

In the English or the German language ex-
ecuted with neatness and despatch at reason-
able rates. A trial solicited.

J. H. SCHMIDT, Proprietor.

Please Note

That we keep one of the choicest
and best selected stocks of

Groceries, Crockery and Glassware

IN THE CITY.

Prices Always Reasonable.

E. O'Flaherty

Red Front, Market Square, Stratford.

GREEN HOLLY.

A Good 25c. Tea for 19c.

AT

C. McILHARGEY'S.

Dalton's Fair

Is headquarters in Stratford for all kinds of Christmas Goods, China, Glassware and Fancy Goods.

Ontario Street, - West of Post Office.

Make your cook happy by placing a

SOUVENIR RANGE

In your kitchen. A choice stock always in stock. J. A. CAS-1A "E", 7 Ontario street, Stratford. Phone 153.

Stratford Steam Laundry.

The above Laundry is the only first class Laundry in the City. Work called for and delivered free. Special rates for Family and Hotel washings. Shirts rebuttoned, etc. Visitors are always welcome. Phone 173, or call. J. W. CHOWEN. Proprietor.

For all lines of specialties for Christmas trade in confectionery go to **W. R. ROFFEY**, Ontario St. East, Stratford. Farren's Celebrated Brand of Oysters always in stock.

Oysters Cooked in Every Style.

W. R. ROFFEY, Baker and Confectioner.

Try 7c. Store

For Christmas Presents
For Grandma and Grandpa,
For Mother and Father,
For Sisters and Brothers,
And for the Babies.

Wm. Nichols, directly opposite Uebelacker's Butcher Shop.

THE

Canadian Bank of Commerce

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

Capital (paid-up)

Six Million Dollars, -	\$6,000,000
Rest, - - - - -	\$1,200,000

Stratford Branch :

A General Banking Business Transacted.

Savings Bank Department.

Deposits of \$1.00 and upward received.

WM. MAYNARD, Jr.,

MANAGER.

GO TO

R. W. Roberts
STRATFORD.

for *Heintzman & Co.'s Pianos,*

Thomas' Organs, and

Musical Instruments

of all kinds,

Sheet Music and

Music Books.

TUNING A SPECIALTY.

ASK FOR ——————*

**Anchor
Family
Flour.**

Hodd & Cullen Milling Co.,

STRATFORD

A fine assortment of Suitings in
Tweeds, Serges and Worsted Goods
W. P. Fraser, Ontario Street,
Corner store opp. Court house

Christie's Fancy Biscuits,
Choice Groceries,
Fruit, Fish, etc.,

Always at ——————

BURTON'S, Listowel, Ont.

For the children---mugs, cups,
saucers, toy tea sets in boxes at
China Hall, Stratford.

M. McD. FLEMING, Merchant Tailor, No. 39 Main
Street, Listowel, Ont. Graduate of the Indo. J. Mitchell
Cutting School, New York. Gents' Furnishings, Boots,
Shoes and Rubbers. Suits made to order on shortest notice.
Wedding Outfits a specialty.

Good Fit Guaranteed.

HARDWARE.

LOCKS,	CEMENTS,	PAINTS,
GLASS,	PLASTER,	OILS,

Coal. Prices Guaranteed.

F. A. CAMPBELL, — — — Market Corner, Mitchell.

GREEN HOLLY.

Dr. J. A. Robertson,

OFFICE:
Corner of Market and Wellington Streets,
STRATFORD.

DR. H. S. ANDERSON,

Licentiate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario,
and Honor Graduate of Dental Department of Toronto
University, 1st class honors in Operative Dentistry and
Dental Pathology. Office, Market block, Mitchell, Ont.

T. C. HODSON,

M. D., C. M., M. B., Tor.,
Physician and Surgeon.

Office: Over R. S. Wilson's Jewellery Store, St. Marys.
At Night call answered at Windsor Hotel.

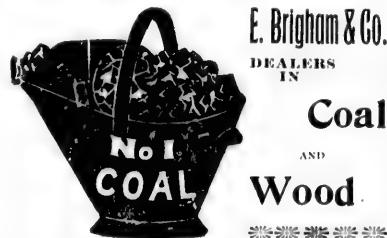
D. A. KIDD, M. D.,

C. M., F. T. M. C., M. C. P. & S. O.,
Physician, Surgeon,
Atwood, Ontario. Accoucheur.

Dr. W. N. Robertson,

No. 30 Eric street, St. Marys road,
300 yards south of P. O., Stratford.
Telephone No. 114.

Queen's Hotel,
STRATFORD, ONT., Fred. J. Corrie, Proprietor.
The Best \$1 Day House in the City.
Also largest stabling accommodation.



W. R. Marshall & Son

Direct Importers of Seeds,

From the best and largest growers in Europe and United States, beg to inform the public generally that they are expecting early in the spring one of the largest shipments of seeds ever brought into this section, which they will be prepared to offer at much lower prices than can be bought from small dealers.

The trade supplied at Market Building, Stratford. LOWEST RATES.

Dr. Daisy Macklin,

Oddfellows' Block, over Scarff's Bookstore, Stratford.
Office Hours—9:30 a. m. to 11 a. m., 2 p. m. to 4:30 p. m.,
7:30 p. m. to 9 p. m.

Dr. J. D. Monteith,

Office—Gordon Block, opp. P. O. | STRATFORD.
Residence—Eric Street. Office Hours: 8 to 10 a. m., 1 to 3 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m.

H. E. Livingston, M. D.,

SHAKESPEARE. — — — — — ONTARIO.

Dr. Hawke,

OFFICE, MYERS' BLOCK,

Corner Downie and Brunswick Streets, Stratford.

DR. IRVING,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &C.
Office: Opposite Carter & Co.'s Roller Flour Mill, St. Marys. Residence: House recently occupied by the late M. J. Benn, Churchest., south.
Office and residence connected by Telephone.

The Parisian Steam Laundry.

Come and see our family list and get prices. Work called for and delivered free. JAS. BAKER, Manager, Telephone No. 18, Stratford.

B. & V.

The sole reasons of our great success are the excellence of our goods, our low prices and our large show room accommodation.

Ballantyne & Vivian,

The Leading Furniture Dealers
and Undertakers,

60 Ontario Street, Stratford, Ont.

GREEN HOLLY.

Andrew's Tower Clock Jewelry Store

Is the right place to buy a present for your friends. Issuer of Marriage Licenses.

W. ANDREWS, St. Marys.

JOHN GABEL,
Leading Jeweler.

Dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, Spectacles, Fancy Goods, School Books, etc., Repairing promptly done. Horse Shoe Sign, Wallace-st., Listowel.

Cash and One Price Only

—AT—

C McIlhargey's, THE CHEAP GROCER

CITY MEAT MARKET.

STALL NO. 3, Market Building.

JOHN McCUALEY & SON, Dealers in Fresh and Salt meats, Pork, Hams, Bacon, Sausage, Bologna and Lard. Delivered to all parts of the city.

COAL The best in the market; guaranteed weight; all coal weighed on market scales. Hall C. Babcock's team if you have not time to come to the office, and you will get prompt delivery

P. R. JARVIS,
The Oldest Coal Merchant in the City.

THE WINDSOR,

The Leading Commercial Hotel of St. Marys.

WHELIAN BROS., Proprietors.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL,

Market Triangle, Stratford  **T. Hagarty**, Prop.

SAMPLE ROOMS IN CONNECTION.

Commercial Headquarters.

NATIONAL HOTEL,
St. Marys, Ont., Wm. Dennee, proprietor.
Hotel re-furnished throughout. Heated by furnace.
\$1 and \$1.50 per day.

HOTEL MATHEWS,

East of G. T. R. Depot, Stratford.

T. E. WINTER,

Late of Windsor Hotel, Proprietor.

ALBION HOTEL,

The leading House in Stratford,

S. A. CAMERON, PROPRIETOR.

THE SENATE,

For Smokers' Supplies—tobacco and cigars in great variety. The Senate Cigar has no equal. Finest billiard parlor in Western Ontario in connection.

T. G. GILLESPIE, Ontario-st., Stratford.

H. G. SHAYER,

The Leading Bookseller and Stationer,
(near Court House.)

STRATFORD, ONT.

Good Advice Free.

Give your wife, your sister, or your sweetheart a nice bottle of perfume for a Xmas present. We have Vera Violette, Peaudespagne, and other leading odors. **C. E. NASMYTH & CO.**, City Drug Store, Market-st., Stratford

QUIRK'S LIQUOR STORE.

For Pure Wines, Ales
and Liquors.

Goods sold as received from manufacturers. Stratford.

W. I. BECKER & CO.

For Novelties in

PHOTOGRAPHS,

9 Market Street, — Stratford.

City Restaurant for Hot Meals.

CONDUS & CO.

Tobacco and Cigars.

Listowel.

See the lines suitable for Christmas Gifts at China Hall. **J. L. Bradshaw**, Stratford.

J. G. SCHMIDT,

North-East corner Market, Stratford.

All Sorts Farm Implements.

Buggy Tops and Cushions made and repaired. **H. Baker**, opp. Commercial Hotel Stables.

H. W. Thomson,

DRUGGIST, MITCHELL, ONT.

Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Receipts

a specialty.

EMPIRE PORTRAIT CO., manufacturers and dealers in Picture Frames, Glass, Mats, etc. Crayon and India Ink Portraits a specialty, and we cannot be excelled in the art. Give us a trial. Studio over Kenner's Book Store, Ontario Street. **W. N. ALLAN**, Manager, Stratford, Ont.

Stratford Woolen Mills,

Emporium for Staple

Woolens.

DUFTON & SONS.

R. S. WILSON & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry,

Silverware, Japanese Goods, Spectacles, Fancy Goods. Fine watch repairing. Carter's new bl'k, Queen-st. St. Marys

JAMES WRIGHT,

Family Butcher,

Market Square, — Stratford, Ont.

GREEN HOLLY.

Ask your Shoe Dealer for

Cardigan Overshoes

They serve the double purpose of an overstocking and overshoe combined.

They are the lightest, neatest and cheapest overshoe on the market.

No Buckles. No Buttons.

They will last three or four years with proper usage.

Nothing like them to keep children's legs and feet dry and warm.

MANUFACTURED BY

The Cardigan Overshoe Co.

STRATFORD, ONTARIO.

Stratford Bridge and
Iron Works Co'y.



Steel Windmills for Pumping
and Power.



Steel Highway Bridges.



Force and Light Pumps.



THE VERY BEST.



Dr. Wood's
Norway Pine
Syrup

A Perfect Cure for
COUGHS AND COLDS

Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat,
Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and
LUNG DISEASES. Obstinate coughs which
resist other remedies yield promptly to this
pleasant pungent syrup. Beware of Substitutes.

Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 & 50c

COAL



COAL

The Best is Always the Cheapest.

Lehigh Coal and English Holly are necessary conditions for a Merry Christmas, which you can have by leaving your order for good coal at Goodwin's Coal Yard,

Falstaff Street, Stratford, Ont.

M. F. GOODWIN

GREEN HOLLY.



Simpson,
Hall,
Miller



& CO.

MANUFACTURERS
OF

Sterling Silver

AND

*Fine Electro
Plated Ware.*

Sole proprietors of Wm. Rogers' knives, forks, spoons, etc.

Stratford Agent :

Jas. Pequegnat

THE JEWELER.



Special Attention

Is called to our New Patterns in Flat
Ware, which for elegance of design and
finish are unsurpassed.

GREEN HOLLY.

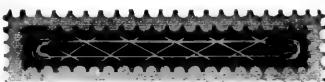
Ever-Ready Dress Stay Co.

WINDSOR, ONT.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

THE LEADING DRESS STAYS OF CANADA.

To secure a perfect fitting Dress Waist, which every lady desires, it is necessary to use good Dress Stays, and to that end there need be no hesitancy in buying either of these two styles, for they are recommended and sold by first-class dealers everywhere.



The Ever-Ready Dress....

Stays are made of fine quality SATIN, the best SPRING STEEL, Metal Tipped and covered on both sides with Gutta Percha (sheet rubber), so will not come apart and positively cannot rust, and with reinforced ends will not wear through or cause glossy spots on the dress. Made in **Drab, Black, White, Old Gold, Cardinal, Blue, Pink, Brown.** Put up in 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 inch lengths, and sets of nine stays.

The Pre-Eminent Dress....

Stays are made of the best SPRING STEEL, Japanned, so are rust proof, Metal Tipped, and of fine heavy Corset Sateen, therefore will not wear through at the ends. Silk stitched all around and positively cannot come apart. Made in **Drab, Black, White, Old Gold, Cardinal, Blue, Pink.** If you prefer Stitched Dress Stays buy the "Pre-Eminent." Put up in lengths and sets same as the "Ever-Readys."

MacLaren's Imperial Cheese.

A. F. MacLAREN & CO.,

The Richest, Creamiest Cheese Manufactured. }
TRY IT. }

51 Colborne Street, TORONTO,

A. F. MacLaren,

Dealer in Cheese, Butter and Hogs. Telephone 129, P. O. Box 574, STRATFORD, ONT.

Merchants Bank of Canada.

HEAD OFFICE, MONTREAL.

GEORGE HAGUE, General Manager; JOHN GAULT, Asst. General Manager.

STRATFORD BRANCH

(Opposite Windsor Hotel).

W. C. YOUNG, - - - MANAGER.

Capital Paid Up, \$6,000,000.

Rest, - - - \$3,000,000.

A General Banking Business Transacted. Drafts or Letters of Credit issued on all important foreign points, or any banking town in Canada. Farmers' notes bought or collected.

Highest current rate paid on deposits. Savings bank for sums of \$1 and upwards.

GREEN HOLLY.

DR. HAMILTON,
D. D. S. Toronto University,
L. D. S. Toronto College of Dentists,
Gold Crown and Bridge Work a Specialty.
Market Street, Stratford.
Office—Over G. N. W. Telegraph Office.

J. G. YEMEN,
M. D., L. D. S.

P. O. Box 248, Stratford, Ont.

DR. W. T. MCGORMAN,
DENTIST.

St. Marys, Ontario.
Office over Andrews Jewelry Store.
Hours 9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

JAMESON & GRAHAM,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.
St. Marys, Ontario.

Office: Carter's Block, Queen Street. Money to Loan.
D. W. JAMESON, B. A. — J. W. GRAHAM.

New Lines in Knives, Forks,
Spoons and Silverware at Brad-
shaw's China Hall, Stratford.

C. McIlhargey, THE CASH CROGER

..... CAN
SAVE YOU MONEY.

Artists

Would you have a beautiful
picture, lasting, permanent, and
a credit to yourself?

USE ONLY

Winsor & Newton's
Oil and Water
Colors
and
Canvas.

WINSOR & NEWTON are manufacturing
artists' colormen to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
AND ROYAL FAMILY. Their colors are known
all over the world. All dealers have them.
Prices within reach of all. No necessity to buy
cheap German and American Tubes. Take only
WINSOR & NEWTON'S.

A. Ramsay & Son, - Montreal,

Wholesale Agents for Canada.

The Young Men of Stratford are invited to the Young
Men's Christian Association Rooms,
corner of Ontario and Huron streets.

The rooms are open daily
from 8.30 a. m. to 10 p. m.

The Woman's Journal.

Sixteen Page Paper.

**The Official Organ of the Women's Chris-
tian Temperance Union of the
Dominion of Canada.**

Published Monthly at 26 Albert street, Ottawa, Ontario.
Subscription price 50c. a year; Clubs of ten to twenty, 40c.
Clubs of twenty and upwards, 30c.

MISS MARY MCKAY SCOTT,
Editor and Publisher.

The Best People

Eat the Best Bread, Cakes and Pastry. Our
goods cost no more than inferior goods. We
solicit your trade. **H. W. KINSON,**
Baker and Confectioner, Stratford.

We Sell Goods Cheap,
but not Cheap Goods.



C. McILHARGEY.

Gordon & Orr, the leading Dry Goods,
Millinery and Mantle store
of Stratford. It will pay you to do your shopping at our
Great Money-Saving Sale now in full blast; marvellous re-
ductions on everything.

M. WILDFANG,

The Clothier.

The latest variety in town to choose from. Tweeds and
Worsteads always on hand. Hats, Collars and Cuffs, Neck
Wear, etc. Wedding Suits a specialty. Terms: Cash,
LISTOWEL, ONT.

HENRY RAPP,

Wine and Liquor Merchant.

The Best Brands in the Market Kept in Stock.

LISTOWEL, ONT.

Chocolates, Taffies, Nuts, etc.,
everything nice and fresh for
Christmas at Bunting's.

J. H. McDONALD'S

Flour and Feed and Grocery Store,

Main Street, Listowel,

Third door west of Post Office.

Carson & McKee,

PEOPLE'S CASH STORE

LISTOWEL, ONT.

THE BRICKER HARDWARE CO.,

Importers of Hardware, Paris Plaster, Portland Cement,
and Water Lime and dealers in Stoves, Ranges, Plumbing,
Gas Fitting, Hot Water and Steam Heating, also Window
Blinds, Curtain Poles, Linoleums, Oil Cloth, Paints, Oils,
Tinware, Lamp Goods, etc. LISTOWEL, ONT.

GREEN HOLLY.

The Johnston Fluid Beef Co.

MONTRÉAL.

USE

Fluid Beef Cordial



—A NUTRITIOUS,
—REFRESHING and
—INVIGORATING
—BEVERAGE.

For Sale Only by

WALSH BROS.

Nos. 13, 15 and 54 Ontario Street.

PHONES 28 AND 24.

GREEN HOLLY.



Ladies' Choice.
Sold Everywhere.

MISS M. PATTERSON,
Ontario Street,
For Stylish Millinery and Mantles.

S. A. HODGE,
Dispensing Chemist,
Mitchell, - - - Ontario.

Miss Annie Jones,
Leading Grocer,
Main Street, - - Mitchell.

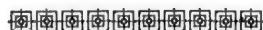
Robert Moore,
Dealer in Shelf and Heavy Hardware.
Main Street, - - LISTOWEL, ONT.

J. Livingstone, Jr.,
Druggist and Stationer,
Corner Main and Wallace Streets, LISTOWEL, ONT.

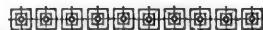
Stratford Nurseries.
D. DEMPSEY, - Proprietor.
P. O. Box 67. Send for Catalogues. Telephone 159

THE WATCHSPRING CORSET

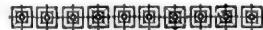
MANUFACTURED BY



With Sliding and
Detachable
Watch Springs.



Superior to Whalebone,
Horn, Reed, Cord or any
other compound of
Mexican Grass.



Also makers of the No. 810 Six Clasp Steel Filled Sateen Corset.

THE E. T. CORSET CO'Y.

ST. HYACINTHE, P. Q.

Montreal Warehouse:
Glenora Building, 1886 Notre-Dame Street,

Toronto Warehouse:
No. 57 Bay Street,

Sold by all Reliable Dealers in Canada.

GREEN HOLLY.

Mortimer B. Davis; Maurice E. Davis, Ovila S. Perrault, David C. Patterson,
President. Vice-President. Secretary. Treasurer.

THE AMERICAN
Tobacco Company of Canada
Limited. Manufacturers of
TOBACCO AND CIGARETTES.



No other brand has ever attained such an enormous sale in so short a time.

Derby Cigarettes,
Athlete Cigarettes,

Gloria Cigarettes,
Sweet Caporal Cigarettes,

Prince Cigarettes,
Southern Straight Cut Cigarettes.

Old Chum Cut Smoking Tobacco.

WALSH BROS.,

Whol sale agents for Stratford and Vicinity.

GREEN HOLLY

A BIG HOUSE

Doing a big business in Men's and Boys' Clothing must necessarily carry the newest and biggest stock, as well as the greatest variety at the lowest prices.

We Keep Constantly Full Stocks of New Goods in the Following Lines:

Mens and Boys' Felt Hats, Fur Caps, Tweed and other fancy caps, etc.
Men's White and Regatta Shirts, Flannel and Flannelette Shirts—all qualities and sizes.
Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Braces, Sox, Handkerchiefs, and Men's Furnishings generally
Men's and Boys' Ready-to-Wear Clothing. A choice assortment of Cloths and Tweeds to make to measure.

Fair treatment to all; one price, cash only; goods as represented; the money refunded where goods fail to satisfy.

THORNTON & DOUGLAS,

Branch: 41 Lower Wyndham street, Guelph.

STRATFORD.

The
Stratford Mill Building Co.,

Manufacturers of

Flour, Oatmeal and Cornmeal
MACHINERY.

Mill Contractors and
Furnishers.

W. PRESTON, Proprietor.

We Excel in all the Season's Novelties. Try us.

*The Leading Millinery House
of Listowel.*
MISSES WATSON & GIBBS.

W. T. COOK,
All kinds of Fresh Fish in Season

MARKET BUILDING, STRATFORD.

Mowat & Johnson,
COAL and WOOD, STRATFORD.
Special Rates to
G. T. R. People. | Telephones
Yards 100, Office 51.

J. W. CALE,
Wall Paper, Paper Hanging, Painting, etc.
Estimates Given. Stratford.

SMITH, the Plumber,
Headquarters for
BUCK'S HAPPY THOUGHT RANGES
and Brilliant Stoves, Stratford.

BADOUR'S Depot Shoe Store can always supply
you. The leading styles in Foot
Wear and Railroad Mitts at lowest prices.

J. B. BADOUR,
Opposite G. T. R. Shops, Stratford.

GREEN HOLLY.

THE
Grant - Lottridge Brewing Co'y
LIMITED,
Brewers and Malsters,
Established 1842.
Incorporated 1892. Re-built 1893. ★ ★ **Hamilton, Ont.**

India Pale Ales 

BOTTLED.

AND

BOTTLED.

 **Extra Stout**

EXPORT LAGER IN BOTTLES.

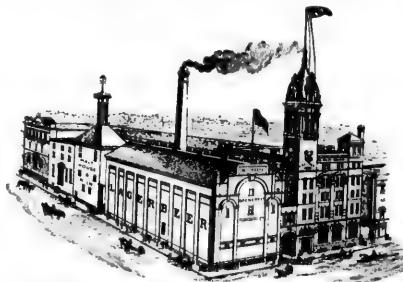


FOR SALE ONLY BY

WALSH BROS.,

PHONE 161.

13 and 15 Ontario Street, Stratford, Ont.



THE

O'Keefe Brewing Co'y of Toronto, L'td

E. O'Keefe, President. Widmer Hawke, Vice-Pres.
John G. Gibson, Sec-Treas.

Specialties :

English and Bohemian Hopped Ales
and XXX Porter,
Pilsener Export Lager, Imperial Export
Lager in brown seal bottles only.

Walsh Bros., Agents for Stratford.

Ontario Brewing and Malting Co'y

ALE AND PORTER

IN WOOD OR BOTTLES.

W. J. THOMAS, President.
THOS TAYLOR, Sec'y and Treas. 311 King Street East, TORONTO.

WALSH BROS., Agents. 'Phone 161, Stratford, Ont.

GREEN HOLLY.

THE

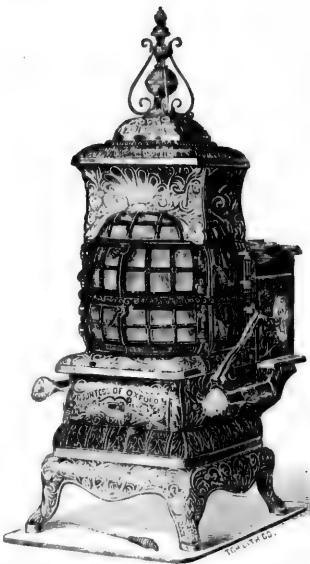
Countess of Oxford

Is incomparably the first stove of the day. It looks away up as to size and general configuration; has an attractive nickled swing cover and solid brass urn, protected by an automatic magazine cover; full nickled upper reflecting section, mounted independently and removable at pleasure, without disturbing a single bolt; large swell front, highly nickled base, door hood and foot rails.

**It is a Double Heater,
Base Burner and
Duplex Dumping Grate.**

See this stove and you will buy no other. For sale by the young hustler,

F. J. Sylvester,
Ontario-st., Stratford.



Are You Going to Build?

If so, be sure and leave your order with

The Leishman, Maundrell Co.

Front Street, Stratford.

“Leader”

Ladies, Buy Your



MILLINERY. Mantles, Mantle Cloths, Fur Capes, Fur Coats, and all the Latest Dress Goods. Special Fine Linens and Great Variety. Bargain Day Prices every day at the Leader.

GENTS. Buy your Clothing at the Leader Clothing and Furnishing House.

Great Values in Overcoats; Boys' and Men's, Extra Value in Double-Breasted Suits, Boys' and Men's. Come and see us at the Leader Stores.

A. Macdonald

John Whyte & Son

**PACKERS,
ETC.,**

Mitchell and Stratford

Our shop will always be found stocked with all the Finest Meats, such as

Hams, Breakfast Bacon, Sweet Pickled Pork, Sausage, Lard, also Choice Stock of Beef, Lamb, &c.

Finest Butter and Fresh Eggs

A SPECIALTY

GREEN HOLLY.

Have You Ever Visited
the Glasgow Warehouse?

Tavistock's Departmental Store

We are direct importers of Dry Goods, Mantles, etc., and are showing a fashionable and well selected stock. Our collection includes a full line of men's clothing. We are able to suit the most fastidious. All Wool Tweed Suits made to order from \$8 up. Our stock of Groceries, Crockery, Hardware, Boots and Shoes are complete.

F. KRUG.

Old Stamps Wanted.

Look up your old letters for old Canadian and United States stamps used 30 to 50 years ago; for many of them I pay 25c to \$50 each.

To Collectors of Stamps—I can offer a packet of 100 varieties of foreign stamps from all parts of the globe for 50c., this includes stamps from Denmark, Egypt, Japan, Russia, Chili, Siam, Holland, Australia, Cape of Good Hope, etc.

GEO. A. LOWE, 49 Adelaide-st. East, Toronto.

Departments:

Dress Goods,
Mantles,
Furs,
Millinery,
Gloves and
Hosiery,
Carpets, etc.,
House
Furnishings,
Stables,



Ordered Clothing,

Ready-Made
Clothing,

Hats and Caps,

Gents'
Furnishings,

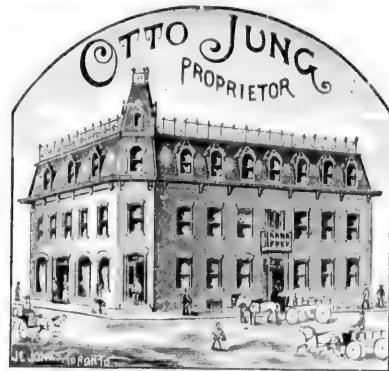
Groceries.

We Guarantee Satisfaction.
We Defy Competition.
We Solicit a Comparison
of Goods and Prices.

T. S. Ford,
& Co.,

MITCHELL, ONT.

GREEN HOLLY.



The Leading Commercial Hotel Of this Section.

Fitted throughout in the most modern style with spacious Sample Rooms, Bed Rooms and Parlors, and heated throughout with the latest system of hot-air furnaces.

Wines, Liquors, Cigars

Only the Choicest Brands
kept in stock.

First-Class Commercial Accommodation.

Good stabling and attentive hostlers.

H. CORBY.

*DISTILLER
AND IMPORTER,*

BELLEVILLE, ONT.

USE

I. X. L.
AND
X. T. C. Whiskies

WARRE & CO.,

Porto

CONVIDO

Established 1670.

Fine Old Port Wine.

Vicker's London Dry Old Tom Gin,

T. Brown & Co.'s London and Glasgow Clan Sheann and

Glenhavit Dumps Old Scotch Whiskey.

For all Fine Liquors, Foreign and Domestic, go to **Walsh Bros.**

PHONE 161.

GREEN HOLLY.

McPherson's Great Fur House

Wholesale
Retail

—Importer
—and
—Manufacturer
—of Fine Furs
—of all Descriptions.

64 Ontario-st., Stratford

*Fur Goods
Neatly Repaired
at
Moderate Prices.*

The Great Fur House of the West.

DAILY.

WEEKLY.

The Herald.

The Leading Paper in Stratford and Perth County.

Most Satisfactory Advertising Medium in Western Ontario.

REASONABLE RATES



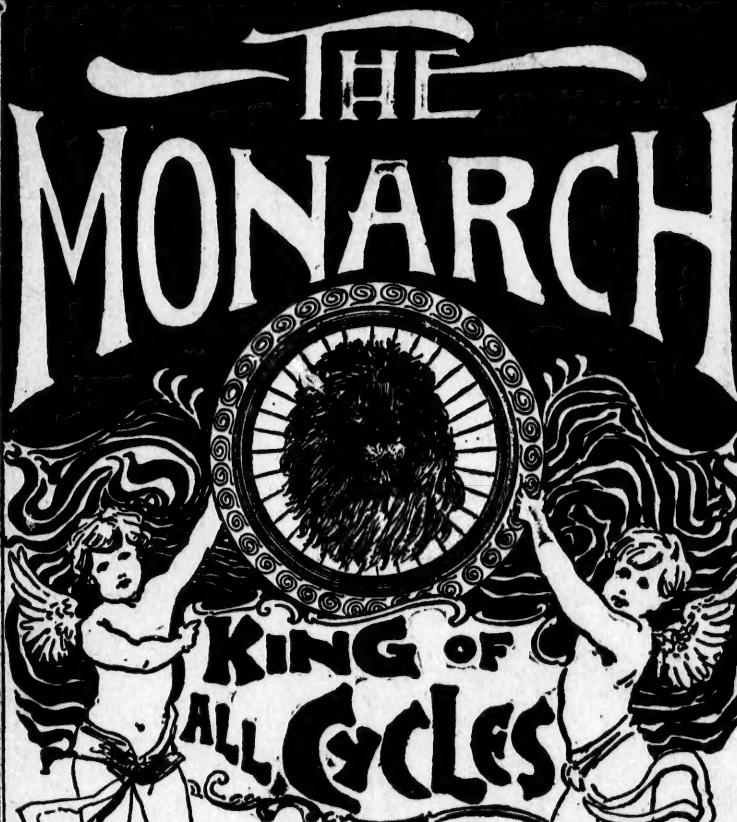
CIRCULATION CONSIDERED.

Jobbing Department Unsurpassed.

All manner of Printing executed by competent workmen from the latest and best materials, types and presses. The scope embraces everything from a tiny visiting card to a handsome book, illustrated with photogravures.

ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY GIVEN.

THE MONARCH



KING OF
ALL CYCLES

Made of the best bicycle material, by the best bicycle mechanics in the best equipped bicycle factory in the world, little wonder

THE MONARCH IS KING.

Our handsomely illustrated Catalogue — yours for asking — tells all about the different styles for children and adults.

PRICES \$40 TO \$100.

MONARCH CYCLE MFG CO.,

Lake, Halsted and Fulton Sts.,

Chicago, Ill.

P. R. WRIGHT, Agent, Adelaide street, TORONTO.

A. BEATTIE & CO., Agents, STRATFORD and ST. MARYS.

